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McGovern-Palmer Fight Illustrated

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RICHARD K. FOX,
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1899.

VOLUME LXXV.—No. 1154.
Price 10 Cents.

JOE KENNEDY THE FRISCO HEAVYWEIGHT—SUPPLEMENT



RED PAINT FOR THIS MASHER.

FATE OF A FLIRTING MAN WHO ACCOSTED WOMEN ON THE STREET AT DES MOINES, IA.



RICHARD K. FOX

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK AND LONDON

Saturday, September 30, 1899.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, N. Y., as Second-class Mail Matter.

New York:

THE RICHARD K. FOX
PRINTING AND PUBLISHING HOUSE.
The Fox Building, - Franklin Square.

London, England:

149 Fleet Street, - E. C.

From which office the London Edition is printed and issued simultaneously with the American Edition.

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MCGOVERN BEATS PALMERThe South Brooklyn Whirlwind Knocks Out the British
Representative in 2 Minutes 32 Seconds.**SHORTEST CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT ON RECORD**Ten Thousand Enthusiastic Spectators Witness a Remarkable Contest at the West-
chester Athletic Club, Tuckahoe, N. Y., on Sept. 12.

"Terry" McGovern is the undisputed champion 116-pound fighter of the world. He acquired this distinctive title in less than two and a half minutes of actual fighting, at the expiration of which "Pedlar" Palmer, the greatest man of his weight and inches in all England, lay prone and helpless on his back while the tumultuous cheers of 10,000 enthusiastic spectators proclaimed their joy over his defeat and their admiration for the little American hero.

During the interval from the time of beginning the fight to the end the little Englishman had been fairly beaten to the ground. He proved to be one of the sorriest disappointments "the ring" has ever known. McGovern never gave him an opportunity to display any of the marvelous knowledge of scientific pugilism

Deisartian waves of his right arm ticking off the fatal ten seconds which marked the passing of one champion and the making of another.

Nobody in that vast assemblage of people had looked for such a sudden ending to this glove fight, and when Palmer had been counted out the observers were partially dazed. To think that a fighter of such world-renowned cleverness could not last three minutes before a youngster who was unknown two years ago was something that the sporting men could not understand. They appreciated readily the fact that McGovern had won fairly, but they could not realize for some little time how impressively the Englishman had been beaten.

Including about fifteen seconds that was lost through

to hit his sturdy little antagonist. The first punch which McGovern landed in his stomach was an effective one and took something out of the little Briton. He seemed to lose control of himself and rushed into the punches which stiffened him out.

It was no chance punch which defeated Palmer, and the latter's admirers have no excuse to offer on that score. He was outfought and decisively vanquished by a succession of punches; he was simply outclassed and fought down. He got a terrific grueling during the brief period of fighting and readily acknowledged his opponent's superiority.

Just Before the Battle.

A great stockade of rough planking set up in a field at Tuckahoe, in one of the most picturesque parts of Westchester County, with seats inside built arena fashion and with nothing about but the clear sky, was the scene of the battle of the bantams.

Special trains, fairly bulging with sports, ran under short headway from the Grand Central Depot in New York through the eighteen miles of hilly country to the spot upon which the Westchester Athletic Club had squatted. It was a pleasant trip for such a bright autumn day, and followers of the great game of fist-cuffs never went to a contest under more favorable circumstances.

It seemed as if every inhabitant of the hamlet of Tuckahoe had turned out, for the roads leading to the amphitheatre were lined with queer looking individuals, dressed in clothes that were distinctly farmer like. Village hackmen were on hand to chase the dollars of the sports, but they didn't fill their coffers, because an unsympathetic railroad ran most of its trains up to within one hundred yards of the grounds and the sunburned Jesus at the depot half a mile below cursed their individual and collective luck and lack of passengers.

Around the narrow alleys made in the stockade, which were by a stretch of the imagination called doors, were clustered like bees laden with honey at a hive crowds clamoring for admittance. The price was easy—from \$3 to \$15, the latter sum entitling the payee to the exclusive use of a wooden kitchen chair surrounded by railings and called by courtesy a box. For \$3 a seat on one of the huge tiers which rose from the boxes surrounding the ringside to the height of an ordinary country cottage was obtained.

Beginning at 1 o'clock the crowds filtered through the doors, while succeeding trains dumped their human freight on the side of the marsh. The noise and confusion grew greater and the piles of "long green" in the box offices grew higher and higher, and the vast arena began to gradually fill up.

On one side, half way up the incline of seats, was the picture machine, sheathed in funeral-black tar paper, with two little glass windows that blinked in the sun like a pair of eyes. This machine furnished the excuse for the open-air fight, and the promoters of the affair had builded great hopes on its success.

Over the box was the band—quite an ordinary affair, with the men ununiformed, to make a good showing. At intervals of every fifteen or twenty minutes it would enliven the proceedings with popular melodies of the day, ranging from the rag-time moon music to patriotic airs, which were listened to in silence by men who had nothing in their souls but the burning desire to see that twenty-four feet square of white canvas in commission.

Tall, waving elms overhung one side of the enclosure, lending quite a rural aspect to the scene, and these trees bore strange fruit, for in their branches were clustered athletic and anxious small boys of Tuckahoe, who took advantage of nature's generosity to see the fight without contributing to the box offices. They were on top in all their glory, and there was not one branch but which bore its youthful and jubilant burden.

For the pictures which were to be taken and, later exhibited, the weather conditions were as perfect as possible. A few fleecy clouds helped to accentuate rather than mar the Venetian blue of the fall sky, and the rays of Old Sol were tempered at intervals by a refreshing breeze, which swept over the place.

In the upper window of one of the cottages nearest the ring was Mrs. McGovern, the pretty wife of the South Brooklyn boy, and her two months' old baby. She was there to see her husband fight, and it is the place right here, without anticipating the story, to say that she did see him, and that when he had knocked down and out his tricky British antagonist she beat the shutters open with both hands, breaking the slats in her wild outburst of enthusiasm, and fairly yelled for joy at the McGovern victory. Needless to say that

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McGovern in a Floral Setting After Defeating Palmer.

which he is acknowledged to possess. The fight was cyclonic from the very beginning. Palmer, contrary to even his own expressed intentions to fight cleverly and prolong matters so as to make his victory over the little Irish-American indisputably decisive, began to utilize rough tactics from the commencement, and by so doing paved the way for his own downfall. His much vaunted cleverness was never utilized. He set the pace and began to "slug" in a manner which left McGovern no alternative but to adopt the same tactics, and they exchanged punches at short range, long range, clinches and breakaways with all the ardor of a rough and tumble fighter of the old school. "Pedlar" discovered to his dismay before these proceedings had gone very far that he had cut the pace precisely to his opponent's liking, and that the latter's punching abilities far exceeded his own. This fact was demonstrated to him before they had been fighting a minute, when "Terry" landed a swinging left hook over his right kidney and with a smashing right-hand punch on the side of the head knocked him down. Palmer arose slowly and then for the first time evinced a disposition to stand off and fight cleverly, but "Terry" had had a taste of the Briton's quality and discovered that the latter could not hit hard enough to hurt him, so he went in like a bull at a red rag, and before the spectators had a chance to very well realize that the fight had begun Referee Siler was bending over the prostrate form of the little Englishman, and with

a mistake of the timekeeper, who let the bell ring by accident in the middle of the round, the fight lasted only two minutes and thirty-two seconds. It was expected that the contest would prove one of the fastest ever seen in this country, and that it would go at least twelve or fifteen rounds, if not the limit.

The best evidence in the world that the fight was on the square is that it lasted such a short time, even though moving pictures were taken of it which will be exhibited later, both in this country and in England. Skeptical persons believe that some agreement existed between the fighters to go six, eight or ten rounds "for pictures," and then get down to legitimate business, but the fact that not a full round was fought shows that the bantams did as well as they knew how from the very start.

Just what motive prompted Palmer to deviate from his accustomed methods of fighting in the ring cannot be conceived. His nervousness was apparent from the very moment he entered the enclosure, and the way he fiddled for an instant for an opening indicated that his nerves were strained to the highest tension. McGovern, on the other hand, displayed remarkable coolness and indifference to his surroundings. He was prepared to fight at least fifteen rounds and evinced no eagerness to hurry matters along until Palmer began to force matters, when he realized the necessity of utilizing a corresponding amount of activity. Only one blow designedly delivered during the fight was the one which McGovern landed on Palmer's head, and which was the incidental beginning of the end. Palmer failed to deliver one effective punch during the fight. He was at a disadvantage from the outset and unable

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"Terry," Jr., didn't appreciate his daddy's cleverness, but there is no doubt that he will some day.

The ring was a particularly well-made affair, with iron posts and well-padded canvas floor, and although the arena had a seating capacity of over 10,000, there was not one spot which wasn't a cologne of vantage.

When about five thousand persons had been seated pugilistic celebrities began to arrive, and each one was cheered by the worshippers at the shrine of pugilistic prowess.

First came "Jim" Corbett, tanned of face and natty in dress, as he always is, with rakish straw hat and a flashing diamond or two. He had a ringside box, in which he proceeded, with a choice coterie of friends, to make himself as comfortable as possible.

Then a big man, as well groomed as the best of them, well fed, healthy and hearty, with curling mustache of iron grey, made his way through the crowd. As soon as he was in view a roar of welcome went up, which he acknowledged by repeated jerky bobblings of the head. He was John L. Sullivan, and it was clear to be seen that he has not lost his niche in the public heart.

A few minutes later "Kid" McCoy, pale as ever, looking like a bank clerk on a half holiday, entered.

Then the gaunt and lanky Fitzsimmons, not looking his part, came out into the bright sunlight from the shelter of the box office shed.

He was followed by "Tom" Sharkey, the square-shouldered representative of the American navy, who came in smiling good-naturedly at the cries of "Hello, Tom," hurled at him from all sides. Like the rest of the big ones he was attired in the mode, and he had a gleaming, blinking two-carat stone screwed in his shirt front and a cluster of gems ornamented the middle finger of his knockout maul.

The betting, which up to this time had not been very heavy, took on a spurt, and small bundles of money at odds of 80 to 400, with McGovern the favorite, began to go down. There wasn't much Palmer money floating around, but all that there was was quickly covered and a demand made for more.

The general consensus of opinion seemed to be that it was all McGovern, if there was any kind of fighting at all. The only chance for the Englishman seemed to be the limit.

The deputy sheriffs, under Sheriff William O. Moily, were the guardians of the peace. Their insignia of office consisted of a white sash band around the hat and a light-brown night stick. They dotted the arena like daisies in a cow-field, and they were very much in awe of the crowd of New York sports. They didn't have much to say, and they looked as if they didn't know what to do with their clubs. They were all right, however, for their services weren't needed, and for the general police management of the affair the picturesque sheriff of Westchester county is to be congratulated.

Half an hour before the fight "Terry" McGovern, with a broad smile on his face, and accompanied by "Sam" Harris, his manager, and his trainers, came in at one corner of the stockade and walked around the ring to his dressing-room. The reception he received must have been very gratifying.

On behalf of "Tom" O'Rourke the announcement was made that George Dixon challenged the winner for \$5,000 a side, and before the echo of this def had passed away, "Charlie" Harvey jumped to his feet and shouted:

"Oscar Gardner challenges the winner for \$10,000 a side."

The intervals of silence were broken by the band by the kinetoscope, and while the musicians were pouring out the strains of "My Country 'Tis of Thee," "Pedlar" Palmer and the English contingent waving the English flag came into sight and headed for the ring.

It was not on the programme that the band should play an American air, and an excited individual jumped into the ring and began waving his arms and shouting for the bandmaster to change the tune to something English. But it was no use, and so to the strains of the soul stirring American hymn the bantam from over the ocean took his corner.

Scarcely had he been seated when two men hoisted McGovern's little brother on their shoulders and held him there so 10,000 people could see him wave the American flag and roar out applause.

In a few minutes the familiar little form of the South Brooklyn boy hove in sight with the kid brother and the flag in the lead. The band took the right cue this time and broke out in the notes of the "Star Spangled Banner," while even old John L. cheered his approbation.

When they had entered the ring the knickerbockered young McGovern, still waving his flag, advanced to Palmer's corner and shook hands with "Pedlar."

The incident of the flag was the most dramatic and human feature ever introduced at a fight, and it will probably never be forgotten by those who were there to see it.

While the gloves were being fitted on, Peter Pranty, the announcer, gave out the names of the officials as follows:

Referee, George Siler, of Chicago; official timekeeper, John Pollock; McGovern's timekeeper, "Sam" Austin, of the POLICE GAZETTE; Palmer's timekeeper, F. A. Blackburn, of London; McGovern's seconds, "Sam" Harris, "Al" McMurray, "Charley" Mayhood, "Tim" Kearns and "Joe" Fairburn; Palmer's seconds, "Sam" Blacklock, "Jimmy" Hall and "Jeff" Thorne, all of England.

While this was being done McGovern, looking up,

caught a glimpse of his wife in the window of the distant cottage, and he waved his gloved hand to her.

Palmer and McGovern wasted no time coming out of their corners when Timekeeper Pollock gave the gong a sturdy tap. McGovern looked just a trifle anxious, for he evidently wanted to size up his opponent before getting down to real business. Palmer smiled at his sturdy adversary, and then the real fight began when the Englishman jumped forward with a straight left for the neck. McGovern stepped back with agility and the blow was short. Again Palmer tried this blow. He went ahead with more momentum, and this time his glove reached the breast, but as McGovern was backing out of the way the force of the blow was spent before it landed. For the third time the Englishman tried his left for the same spot. McGovern got out of the way even quicker than before, and "Pedlar," losing his balance, slipped to his knees, at the same time throwing his arms around "Terry's" waist.

As soon as Palmer got to his feet again McGovern decided to wait no longer, and began one of those famous rushes which have beaten all his antagonists in the past. The American came in like a whirlwind, both hands swinging so fast that Palmer in his efforts to avoid the blows was plainly rattled. Left and right



McGovern's Young Wife Cheers Him to Victory.

swings that landed on the Englishman's head and ribs stirred him up, and he was forced to mix it or else retreat. Palmer was slowly driven to the ropes by body blows, although he tried to stand his ground and exchange swing for swing. His punches were hard enough, and he landed repeatedly on "Terry's" head, but the little American paid no more attention to these blows than if they had been delivered by a ten-year-old boy. Instead he simply came in with more swings which were terrific in force. McGovern lost his smile immediately and his open mouth showed his teeth gritted together. His face was a study. He must have known at that stage of the game that it was going to be a short fight, for he hustled with all the vigor at his command and increased the speed of his blows.

Palmer was in a corner again, with McGovern sticking to him like a leech. The Englishman landed some more of his best swings on the head and also tried for wind, but for the life of him he could not fight McGovern off, and the latter was increasing the gait every moment. The mix-up at this point was so hot that the crowd was in a wild state of excitement. McGovern was pouring in the blows so swiftly that it was almost impossible for those close to the ropes to see where they landed. A clinch by Palmer ended this rally and the boys moved out to the centre of the ring for a bit of light sparring.

The battle had been going on exactly one minute when to the surprise of everybody the gong sounded. Timekeeper Pollock had accidentally let go the hammer of the bell. Sam Austin, McGovern's timekeeper, jumped up and protested, calling to Referee Siler to order the men to resume hostilities. Siler at the same time realized that something was wrong and quickly called Palmer and McGovern to the centre again. The accident amounted to very little and had no bearing whatever on the fight, except to prolong the battle by about fifteen seconds.

As soon as the battle was resumed McGovern rushed in the same old way. Palmer could not stave off the blows, although he brought all of his celebrated defensive tactics into play. He tried to block off the swings with his hands, endeavored to use his legs in getting out of the way, and twisted his head around as if he had a rubber neck, in vain attempts to duck under the mighty smashes that were falling upon him and around him like hail. A quick left hook, which shot up and landed squarely on the jaw, sent Palmer to the floor. There was a wild shout from the crowd, for it was apparent to everybody that McGovern was about to win. Palmer was clearly dazed, and as the referee stood over him counting off the seconds the Englishman

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looked around at the spectators with an expression of supreme astonishment. He was probably more surprised than anybody present.

When Siler counted the sixth second "Pedlar" slowly pulled himself together and got up. He had evidently been staggered, for he acted in a dazed condition and his sturdy little limbs trembled. His eyes had a glassy look in them, and he was evidently nonplussed at the unexpected turn affairs had taken. He put up his hands and waited for McGovern's next attack. That was not long in coming, for in an instant the American bore in with blows that were harder than those that he had delivered before. Palmer had to mix it. He could not get out of the way. There was no chance for him to use his foot work or indulge in pretty tactics. He was up against the most desperate attack that he had ever faced. Over in a corner the English champion was slowly driven. He swung both hands to the head, but McGovern did not falter and refused to let up in his assault. A right-hand swing on the jaw made Palmer bound into the ropes. McGovern was on top of him with two more terrific smashes that landed squarely in his face. Palmer's head began to work around in cork-screw fashion as he attempted to dodge the punches.

McGovern's face now bore a confident look. He had fully caught the Englishman's measure and realized that he would be returned the winner. He quickly shifted his style, and catching Palmer wide open he drove in both fists to the ribs. Palmer was on the point of hanging on now as one arm was around McGovern's neck. As "Terry" had both arms free it was perfectly legitimate for him to use them, and the way he drove them into the Englishman's stomach was a sight long to be remembered. McGovern's hands worked so fast that nobody could count the blows. All of these punches landed squarely on the body, and they were killers. Suddenly Palmer began to sink. His knees bent under him, and as McGovern landed one terrific left-hander in the pit of the stomach, followed by a right-hand smash on the jaw, "Pedlar" fell to the floor in a heap. Referee Siler stood over him and began the fatal count. Palmer writhed in pain and turned over on his side. He struggled vainly to get off the floor, but he could not raise himself even with his hands. His eyes were partly closed, as if he were in a stupor, but there was not a mark upon his face or a drop of blood in sight.

When the tenth and last second had been counted the Englishman was still prostrate. Apparently he could not get up then, for when his seconds took him under the arms and lifted him to his feet he was unable to stand and was dragged to his chair. The sudden ending of the fight dumfounded the crowd for a moment, and then everybody cheered the victor. John L. Sullivan, with his 270 pounds of bulk, was the first outsider in the ring. He shook McGovern by the hand and led him across the ring to Palmer's corner. McGovern held out his right glove in token of friendship, and Palmer with his consciousness fast returning shook it grimly.

Among the notables gathered about the ringside were: Sir Thomas Lipton, Richard Croker, Johnny Murphy, Mike Conway, Martin Colt, Lem Wager, W.

Jim Villapigue, Charley Thorley, Jake Shipway, Alf Powell, Ed Kearney, George Huber, Joe Vending, John K. Madden, Al Smith, Steve Brodie, Nate Fenton, Florry Sullivan, Barney McGuire, Fred Bullin, of Bridgeport; Mayor Hinegan, John Quinn, Speedway Commissioner; Tim O'Leary, of Philadelphia; George Atwell, Sam Cousa, Dave Harris, Pete De Lacey, John Scannell, Al Herford, of Baltimore; Denny Sullivan, Louis Leavitt, Abe Levy, Senator Tim D. Sullivan, Assemblyman Tim H. Sullivan, Pat Keenan, Joe Murphy, Maury Friend and M. H. Grossman, of House & Grossman; Dutch Hauser; John Cahill, Mark Meyer, Jim Brady, Jimmy Wakely, Bill Stanley, Charlie White, Joe Ullman, Charles Mahoney, Col. John Moran, Dennis Keeler, of Boston; George Kraus, Bart Herley, Henry Myers, Tony Pastor, Mike Blumenthal, Mike Doyle, of Newark; Jim Lavelle, Fred Fleck, Arthur Murphy, of Tremont; Yank Sullivan, of Syracuse; Johnny White, Mike Padden, John Pringle, John Quinn and Buck Connolly, of Pittsburgh; John McCafferty, Eddie Foy, Barney Gilmore, Jacob Garber, Columbia City, Ind.; John Considine, Homer Seely, Kid McCoy, Dick Dougherty, Frank Dwyer, Riley Grannan, Johnny Carroll, George Warren Lewis, Sammy Kelly, Col. Mike Halsey, Martin Julian, Fred Gorken, ex-Alderman John Long, Sam Fitzpatrick, George Considine, Alec Brown, John J. Haggerty, William Muldoon, Lew Morris, J. F. Carroll, Joe Weber, Ed Hirsch, Jak Khrain, Doc McDermott, Ralph Goldman, Jim Coury, Jimmy Colville, Buck Taylor, Milton Roblee, Dora Harley, Jack Farrell, Jake Hyams, of England; Jack McCormick, Jack Smith, Louis Mann, Dr. L. Russell, Major Price, Jimmy Michael, Police Captain Price, Jim Brown, D. H. Powers, Congressman W. L. Ward, Ed Kearney, Joe Humphreys, John Philip Sousa, Joe Macias, Peter Maher, Spider Kelly, Chief Devery, Geoffrey Thorne, Jim Westcott, of Boston; Jim Daly, Tom O'Rourke, Jim Buckley, Digby Bell, Paddy Sullivan, Joe Dunn, Matt Clune, Willie Collier, John McLean, Alderman Jim Smith, Alderman Fleck, Barney Aaron, Councilmen Foley and Oakley, Edward J. Moran, the actor; C. B. Dillingham, Ois Harlan, Frank McKee, Richard Golden, Charles Ross, W. A. Brady, Joe Worwiser, Jack Dougherty, Johnny Eck, Hardy, Chas. Deacon, Ike Harris, Jim Ball, J. Davis Dan Saunders, William Youngs, Marcus Mayer, Frank Zimpher, Police Inspector Kane, Senator McCarran, Teddy Foley, Highway Commissioner Keating, Eugene Comiskey, Broadway Alec Smith, of the Baltimore Baseball team; Joseph J. Doyle, Police Commissioner Berton.

What McGovern Says.

After the victorious McGovern had retired to his dressing room he was followed by a host of friends who congratulated him upon his decisive victory.

Then when he was dressed he went with "Sam" Harris over to the cottage where his wife and baby were.

In five minutes he was seated in one of the upper bedrooms with his youngster on his knee just as if he had been to an ice cream festival instead of a championship contest. He seemed to have forgotten he was a fighter in the fact he was a father—and a prouder father never dandled baby on knee.

"I didn't lose my head, did I?" he said when asked about the fight. "I fought him clean and square just as he came to me. It came off much quicker than I expected. I thought it would certainly go at least ten rounds, and maybe seventeen; but I had no doubt as to the result. I never felt Palmer hit me, and I am sure he was unable to touch me with any effect. I am now ready to meet them as they come, George Dixon first and the rest in their proper order."

"Is he a hard puncher? Did he hurt you?"

"Why, he never laid a glove on me," was the reply, which must be considered as a figure of speech, for he was hit, and they were no love taps, either.

"Did he hit me at all?" McGovern said, turning to one of his seconds.

"Oh, yes, he hit you all right," the second answered. "But the trouble with you is you want to be killed before you know you are hit."

"Ain't this a great kid?" said "Terry," looking at the baby. "Ain't he big for only two months. You ought to see him double up his fists last Sunday, just as if he was upbraiding. He's all right, he is."

He took more interest in the baby than he did in the fight.

"One-Eyed" Connelly Pays.

"One-Eyed" Connelly was on deck at Tuckahoe on the occasion of the McGovern fight as usual. He got as far as the gates and was stopped. He appealed to every official he could but to no avail, but he failed to get a pass-in. As the time drew near for the contest to begin he grew desperate. He went through his pockets and turned up just \$2.70. The lowest price of admission was \$3.00. He asked a man for thirty cents. Some one said:

"Here comes Jim Corbett, give him a touch."

"Don't do it," said another.

"If you brace Corbett he'll punch you in the eye."

"If he does," said Connelly, "I'll bite a piece out of his leg."

Sullivan was passing just about then, and one of the men said:

"Look at his face."

"Yes, look at it good," said Connelly. "It cost a lot of money to decorate that face."

Martin Kirby came up at that juncture and Connelly in despair made an earnest appeal to him and got a half dollar.

"Thank you," said Connelly. Then taking off his hat he looked up at the blue sky, and said:

"So help me, this is the first time I ever paid to see a fight."

Then he paid his coin and passed in to enjoy the two-minute and thirty-two-second championship battle.

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MAMIE CHAMPION.

A REMARKABLY HANDSOME WOMAN WHO IS A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE BON TON BURLESQUERS.



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BATTLE OF TWO GIANTS.

FATHER AND SON OF WOOSTER, O., BOTH ARMED, ENGAGE IN A TERRIFIC AND BLOODY COMBAT.

ARMED AND MASKED MEN

IN ORDER TO BETTER LOOT AN OAKLAND, CAL., HOME

BIND A GIRL TO A CHAIR

They Prevent Her From Giving an Alarm and Then Add Insult to Injury by Blackening Her Face With Polish.

ATHLETES AT FISTICUFFS---HANDSOME GIRL THE PRIZE.

Two Young Men of Luzerne, Pa., Put Up a Spirited Battle to See Who is Entitled to the Affections of the Belle of the Township.

The age of chivalry--so far as robbers are concerned--is no more. The other day, at Oakland, Cal., a girl was surprised, while alone, at her home by masked robbers, bound to a chair while they ransacked the house and then locked in a bathroom, after having her face blackened with stove polish.

Detective Holland and a police captain were summoned to the house late in the afternoon, and there they heard the extraordinary tale of attack and robbery. The girl maintained her story, except under close questioning she contradicted herself as to details. The child declares that she screamed but was suppressed.

Detectives offer no opinions. While not flatly discrediting the case, Detective Holland said: "It appears to me as if this little girl has a remarkably imaginative mind. I do not say the robbery did not occur, but the conditions of it, as explained by the girl, are most extraordinary."

The girl was alone, her mother with other children having gone to church. "I was in mamma's room combing my hair," she says, "when I heard a click at the front door. I stepped out into the hall to see what made the noise, and two men, one of them masked, grabbed me after pointing a pistol at me and telling me to keep quiet. I gave a scream and the tall man, who had hold of me, threw his arm around me and stopped my mouth with his hand. Then the other one forced me into a chair, while his companion went out and got a clothesline with which they tied me to the chair. They did not gag me, but I was too frightened to scream. They went all through the house and upset everything in their search. All they found was mamma's purse with \$1.25 in it. After they got through they took a bottle of shoe polish and blackened my face all over. Then they locked me in the bathroom and went out the back way, locking the door."

A window in the bathroom overlooks the back yard and is not three feet from the ground, and the detectives wonder why the girl did not climb out and alarm the neighbors. The child explains that her fright was too great.

"I did not dare to move," she said. "The men said they would kill me."

The mother of the girl says: "I found my daughter in the condition she tells about when I returned from church. She was there in the bathroom with her face blackened. After letting her out and hearing the story I found the house topsy-turvy. There is not a doubt in my mind that my daughter was the victim of a vicious crime. I wonder the shock has not nearly killed her."

HARDEST PUNCHER WON THE GIRL.

Two athletic young men of Luzerne Borough, Pa., engaged in a fight the other night for the hand of a handsome young woman of Edwardsville. The girl was tired of the bickerings of the two lovers, and she told them to fight it out, and she would decide between them. Both agreed.

A few friends were collected, and in a short time the rivals were in a field near Union street, at a spot well lighted by an arc lamp, and close to the Lehigh Valley railroad trestle. On this bridge the young woman was installed--the star spectator of the affair and the prize to be won. The men stripped to the waist and rubbed dirt on their knuckles to make the blows more effective.

The battle was fought according to Marquis of Queensberry rules, and the rounds were three minutes each. The men wasted no time sparring. There was not much science. It was slug, punch, punch, slug, with frequent clinches. The blood flowed freely and the spectators cheered loudly.

At the end of the third round one of the contestants had enough and quit. His right eye was closed, his left cheek cut, his forehead puffed, his lips bruised and he was exhausted.

His opponent's ribs were like raw steak and the blood trickled from several cuts, but he smiled in spite of the pain, and put on his clothes. The girl came down from the trestle.

"Good boy," she said to the winner, and they went homeward arm-in-arm.

ELOPEMENT--MURDER--SUICIDE.

A prepossessing young woman of Allentown, Pa., shot and killed a man with whom her name had been linked, and then she suicided. The double tragedy occurred in the woman's apartments on Hamilton street, where she had lived since her separation from her husband.

She first met the man whom she killed about six

years ago, when he was in the employ of her husband as the driver of an ice team. She at once became infatuated with him, and the two became very friendly. Finally, the husband began to suspect, and the family row that followed culminated in the woman taking \$500 of her husband's money and eloping with the employee.

The couple spent several months in New York, but at the end of that time they returned, and the woman and her husband have been living separate ever since. The husband, however, supported his wife, who kept up luxurious apartments. The young man called upon her frequently, but for the past six months, upon the advice of friends, he was trying to get rid of her.

The woman would not be shaken off so easily, however, and so persistent was she in her desire to see him that she called frequently at the saloon where he was employed. Finally her visits became a nuisance, and she had to be driven off by the police. Since then

she frequently threatened to take his life, and the young man was in constant fear that she in her desperation would commit just such a rash act.

She told not only her lover, but many of his friends and hers, that unless he was true there would be a double tragedy some day. He was thoroughly alarmed, and, for fear that the woman would carry out her threats, he made occasional visits to her apartments.

The other night he took a trolley ride with a girl of which the woman learned. It made her extremely jealous. At noon the next day she met him on the street, and insisted on seeing him at her rooms. He said he would call after dinner, and, so far as it is known, he called at 2 o'clock. An hour later neighbors heard two shots, but no attention was paid to the matter until several hours later, when he did not appear at his place of business, and an investigation was

AN IDEAL NOVEL

"DEVIL'S COMPACT." New ready. One of the earliest and most sensational novels ever published. Unique colored illustrations. Translated from the French. Elegantly illustrated. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents. POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

begun, Chief of Police McGee broke open the door, and in the bedroom the two were found dead. The man was lying in the bed with a bullet hole in his right temple, and on the floor alongside was the body of the desperate woman.

The circumstances surrounding the case show that while the man was sleeping on the bed the woman leaned over and put a bullet in his brain. He died without moving a muscle. Then the woman stood alongside the bed and shot herself in exactly the same place where she had inflicted the fatal wound on her lover. She fell back on the floor and died instantly.

The woman was forty-two years old and the man thirty-two. Several months ago he caught her as she was about to shoot him and knocked the revolver out of her hands.

HUGGED HER TOO TIGHT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A little squeezing may be all right, but according to a young woman of Pittsburg, Pa., there is such a thing as getting too much of it. The other night she entertained a young man who called on her.

During the evening, when they were seated on a sofa, the lover's strong right arm crept around her waist. She gently remonstrated, but he gave her another squeeze, and when she gasped he released her.

A physician found that two of her ribs had been broken, and after she had been in bed two weeks she sent the doctor's bill to the squeeze. When he refused to pay it she sued him for assault and battery.

BATTLE OF TWO GIANTS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A father and son, both farmers, who live near Woos-



They Tied Her to a Chair and Stole.

"Good Boy," She Said to the Winner of the Fight.

KEEN KNIFE

IN THE HANDS OF AN ASSASSIN

PIERCED HEART

Mysterious Killing of a Young Man of Herman, Mo.

CAUSED BY A BETROTHAL.

Two Men Under Arrest, Charged With Having Committed the Crime.

Walter Koeller, a young man of Herman, Mo., was stabbed to death in his boarding-house in Chicago, Ill., the other night by two unknown men.

Young Koeller was bookkeeper for the Tiffin Car Wheel Works. The other day he was overcome by the heat and removed to his boarding-house. While he was lying down two men called to see him. The men knocked at his door, and as Koeller opened it one of them drove a knife into his breast, killing him almost instantly. It is suspected that the murderers were relatives of a young woman to whom Koeller had been paying attentions and whom he had discarded for another.

Scarcely two hours had elapsed after he was killed when two men were arrested who the police declared stabbed Koeller. The men under arrest are both from Herman, Mo.

Both men were schoolmates and boyhood companions of Koeller. They admit their identity, but deny any knowledge of the death of Koeller. When the men were searched and their satchels opened, the following weapons were found:

One bowie knife with an eight-inch blade smeared with coagulated blood, a six-inch bowie knife, a five-inch dirk, a razor, a silver-plated case knife, a forty-four-calibre revolver, a heavy billie and two hunting belts filled with cartridges.

Each of the men wore one of the belts and carried a revolver. The knives were in the satchels. Besides the weapons, the satchels contained clothing from which the names had been either blotted out with ink or cut out, a number of coarse

pictures and dime novels. They each had a quantity of Confederate money in chamolli pouches hung under the arm inside the clothing.

The two prisoners were identified by the keeper of the boarding-house where Koeller lived, as the two men who last called at the house and went to Koeller's room. The two men said the blood which was found on the knife and on their trousers came from a dog that he had stabbed, because the animal attacked them. His only motive for the murder that the brother of the dead man can suggest is that Koeller incurred the enmity of three fellow students at the Dixon (Ill.) college by his betrothal to a young woman of Shirley, Ill.

IT HELPED THEM.

NEW MILFORD, Conn., Sept. 8, 1899.

RICHARD K. FOX--Dear Sir: We wish to thank you very much for the favor you did us by putting our photo in your valuable paper, as we know it will do us a lot of good. We are with Duffy's Jubilee company, with "Dan" and "Dolly" Mann, and are meeting with success. Thanking you once more, we remain with best wishes, very respectfully yours,

JAMES AND MAUDE RYAN,
Care Duffy's Jubilee Company.

Professionals are requested to send good photographs of themselves to this office for publication in the POLICE GAZETTE.

MR. AND MRS. LEE KRESS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

Mr. Lee Kress of the California Wine House of Whatcom, Wash., has announced that he is after the Richard K. Fox medal for bartenders. He is well known in Whatcom and he sends for publication in the POLICE GAZETTE the portraits of himself and his handsome wife.

"GUS" BREDINUS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Gus" Bredinus, who has been employed at Hyde and Behman's Newark, N. J., theatre for the past four years, is one of the most popular special police officers in the city. He is liked by all patrons of the theatre and he has a kind word for everybody and has many influential friends. He pins his faith to the POLICE GAZETTE, which he says has no equal in the field of sports.

"THE FATE OF A LIBERTINE"

Now ready. One of the most sensational novels ever published. Unique colored illustrations. Translated from the French. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

ter, Ohio, had words recently over the division of some oats and came to blows. The son is at the point of death as a result of a terrible blow on the left side of his head with a heavy stake.

The father, who went to the city for a physician, said that he was forced to strike the blow in self-defense, as his son came at him with a pitchfork. Both are very large and powerful men. The son was for many years a policeman in Kansas City. The attending surgeon says that chances for the wounded man's recovery are slim.

Send in personal paragraphs for the bartenders column.

CHARLES M'GOVERN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Charles M'Govern is one of Roger O'Mara's youngest sleuths. He is rapidly making a reputation for himself in the Pittsburg, Pa., detective bureau. He was the only man on the department to discard the mace for service when the war broke out, and was promoted on his return to detective. He was first duty sergeant of Company A, 14th P. V. I., while in the service.

WHERE ACTORS ARE

—TOLD IN BRIEF AND POINTED PARAGRAPHS—

WHAT ACTORS ARE DOING

Negro Waiters in a Hotel Walk Rag Time While Serving Savory Viands Because "Bert" Howard Played the Piano.

MR. AND MRS. JERRY COHAN HAVE A CELEBRATION.

Parents of the Most Talented Young Couple On the Vaudeville Stage Have a Silver Anniversary and Receive Congratulations.

The negro waiters at a hotel in the White Mountains walked rag-time in the dining-room while serving guests. "Bert" Howard, of Howard and Beard, was playing coon tunes on the piano in an adjoining room.

Mr. and Mrs. "Jerry" Cohan, of the Four Cohans, celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on Sept. 12. Mrs. Cohan is still as handsome and youthful looking as she was years ago.

Terry and Lambert have gone West to play the vaudeville houses including the Orpheum circuit.

"Tom" Costello, English comedian, has struck a rich and racy combination. He makes up like a Hebrew and dresses like an Irishman.

Georgia Gardner, who has been made strong by the bracing air of Oceanic, N. J., is hard at work rehearsing a new act for the coming season.

The Wiffen and Thorne Farceurs have closed their second season on the J. W. Gorman N. E. Park circuit after a most successful engagement of eleven weeks. Their regular fall season commenced Sept. 11 at Hyde & Behman's with Keith's four houses, "Tony" Pastor's, Harlem Music Hall, Poli's and others to follow in rapid succession.

Manager Otto Rost, of the Wonderland, Easton, Pa., is having the orchestra of his house refitted with new seats, which will give it a capacity of 1,150. The new schedule of prices will be 15, 25, 35 and 50 cents.

Margaret Rosa and Vera Harte, assisted by the original Dutch pickaninies, have signed with Oppenheimer's Tuxedo Club to do their specialty and play principal parts in the burlesque. The season opened Sept. 18 at Philadelphia.

Charles Leonard Fletcher has engaged Dorothy Neville to star jointly with him in his travesty, "Wanted—A Gent," which he played with such success over the Keith circuit recently. Mr. Fletcher and Miss Neville opened their season at the Pleasure Palace.

Mudge and Morton have just finished a season of twenty-five weeks and are now enjoying a rest at their home in Naugatuck, Conn. They will join the Blondell and Fennema company for the season shortly. Miss Morton has made a hit with her singing, with flute obligato.

Jeannette Wheeler, an American woman, is said to be creating a sensation with a bicycle act in Europe.

"Artie" Hall, the Georgia coon shouter, will be at Hammerstein's for the rest of the summer. Miss Hall's time is booked so far ahead that she declares she is booked forever.

It is rumored that Nellie Farren will shortly appear at the Palace, London, in "Nan the Good for Nothing."

John T. Hanson and Maybel Drew report great success with their act, "Breaking Up House-keeping." They are engaged with the "Wine, Woman and Song" company.

Maude Harvey is meeting with success in her single specialty, singing "The Society Girl," "Maggie O'Connor," "Ma Hannah Lady" and "Ma Rag Time Baby."

The Sohles, Augustus and Maud, assisted by their Philippine pickaninny ponies, presented an act entirely new to the vaudeville stage for the first time at Shea's Music Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on Sept. 18.

Seymour Howe and Emilie Edwards, who recently returned from Europe, are now on the Keith circuit. During their week in Boston they were

warmly praised by the press for the excellence of their work in their comedy sketch.

Jeanette Dupre-Watson has introduced an entirely new character with the American Burlesquers.



Somebody Likes Her—To the Extent of a Bottle of Wine, Flowers and a Note.

It is a tough speller and is said to be very cleverly done by Mrs. Watson.

Harry Thompson says that he is making a hit with the Bowery Stars on the Connecticut Park circuit.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Darrow have finished their engagement over the Burke circuit of parks.

Eva Mudge made a big hit during her last engagement at Brighton Beach. Miss Mudge is a great drawing card.

Florrie West has recovered her health, and, after a vacation on the English coast, she expects to open shortly at one of the London halls.

George B. Scanlon and Pearl Stevens closed a successful summer season at the Palace Theatre.

Fighters and Their Records
Their records up to date in POLICE GAZETTE SPORTING ANNUAL, for 1909. A valuable guide to sporting events. A handy reference book. Portraits of prominent pugilists. Price 10 cents. All newsdealers or mailed direct from this office.

Boston, Aug. 26. They have been re-engaged for next summer to produce burlesques.

Harry Hale, acrobatic comedian, has joined the Knickerbocker Star Specialty Company, with which his specialty will be a feature.

A new summer theatre will be built on Jefferson avenue, Detroit, by Robert Stock. It will be ready in time for next season.

Marie Lloyd sprained her ankle recently, and was forced to retire from active work for several days.

BURTON SLAUGHTER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Barton Slaughter, a bright colored youth of Evansville, Ind., is one of the best bootblacks in that enterprising town. He is employed in "Jake" Butt's shaving parlor at 207 Upper Fourth street.

FRANK A. HECKLER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. Heckler is the famous trumpeter for the Eastern circuit of the Jockey Clubs' race courses, horse shows, coaching and driving clubs. He is an ex-member of the Twenty-second Regiment, New York, and was chief trumpeter to Col. Garnett, of the Columbian celebrations, also bugler with Mr. R. Mansfield and his "Merchant of Venice" company.

As manager for Rosati's Naval Reserve Band, he has secured the band contracts for the majority of all

the sporting functions held in New York, besides many other important engagements. Being long associated as secretary to the late Sig. C. A. Cappa and his world-renowned Seventh Regiment New York Band, and later with Banda Roma, the experience has enabled him to contribute to the success, and devoting himself in bringing Rosati's Band up to its existing high standard. Mr. Heckler's address is 138 Fifth avenue, New York city.

WHAT HE GOT FOR WINKING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was a large sized sensation at the North Highlands Casino, Columbus, Ga., the other night, when one of the members of a well-known dramatic company jumped from

the stage and ejected from the building one of the auditors.

A large audience was present. The soubrette was singing one of her favorite songs, but before it was finished she left the stage hurriedly, and in an instant several members rushed on the stage, all pointing toward the young man, and he was taken by the collar and dragged from the building.

The soubrette alleges that he had winked and made signs to her.

PRETTY WOMAN DID IT.

Robbed a Cash Drawer and Was Caught in the Act.

A stylishly dressed woman, whose appearance was very much in her favor, appeared as a prisoner before Probate Judge Jones at Norwalk, O., the other day, and pleaded guilty to rifling the cash drawer of a store at Collins, O.

She was sentenced to the County Jail for thirty days and to pay \$50 and costs. The man she robbed has begun suit against her in attachment for \$700, which amount he claims she had stolen from him within the past few months. She has cut quite a figure as a good-looking, fashionably dressed woman, and her arrest caused quite a sensation.

CHALLENGES FROM ASPIRING SPORTS

If You Want a Match Send Your Def to the "Police Gazette."

IS A LONG-DISTANCE SLEEPER.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 7, '09.
DEAR SIR—I hereby notify you that Thomas McGuire, champion 128 pound sleeper of Greenpoint, is open to all comers, bar none. Will forfeit \$25 that he can sleep twenty-three hours out of twenty-four.

LOUIS HERTZ,
540 Graham Avenue.

WILL SPRINT FOR BIG MONEY.

PATERSON, N. J., Sept. 8, 1899.
THE EDITOR—Matthew S. Suttle will run any man in the world a fifty-yard dash for \$2,500 a side, and answers regarding same will be gladly received at 97 Hamilton avenue, Paterson, N. J.

Yours respectfully, MATTHEW S. SUTTLE,
Ex-champion of the World.

HE ACCEPTS RUDELL'S CHALLENGE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 7, 1899.
DEAR SIR—In answer to the challenge published in your last week's issue by Mr. Rudell, I accept the challenge in Mr. Giovanni Gurriero's place. I can be seen at any time in Fontana's hair cutting studio. Respectfully yours,

CHAS. MILLER,
371 Metropolitan Avenue.

WILL MEET ALL HAIR CUTTERS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 7, 1899.
DEAR SIR—Kindly publish this challenge in answer to the challenge of Mr. M. Slinger of this week's issue:

MR. M. SINGER—Dear Sir: Having seen by your statement in this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE that you are willing to back Jesse E. Lewan against any barber in the United States, I, Jos. Fontana, or my friend, Antonio Lance, would like to make arrangements to meet your man in a hair-cutting contest at any time he may deem fit. An early reply is earnestly solicited.

Yours truly,
JOS. FONTANA,
ANTONIO LANCE,
371 Metropolitan Avenue.

JOCKEY WANTS TO BE A FIGHTER.

SEASIDE, ROCKAWAY BEACH, L. I.
DEAR SIR—I wish to know if you would try and assist me to bring before the public a young man who will make a wonderful record as a fighter in his class. He is a young colored man, "Phil" Meeks, of Philadelphia, aged nineteen years, and weighs 125 pounds. He was formerly a turfdigger, but has got too heavy, and has gone into fighting. He is ready to meet any local fighter at 120 pounds, give or take 5 pounds. Please let me know if you can do anything for my man.

Respectfully,
LOUIS SIMONS,
Cigar Store, Pier Avenue, Seaside, Rockaway Beach, L. I.

DOESN'T LOOK TO BE VERY HARD.

PRYOR, Col., Aug. 16, 1899.
RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I have had a little experience traveling on foot, and think I can make thirty-five miles per day for 150 days, and would like to have your decision on that subject. I am without money, but if I can get backing I can make the time.

Yours truly,
PHILIP WILLIAMS.

GOOD CHANCE FOR DOG SCRAPPERS.

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 1, 1899.
SPORTING EDITOR—Dear Sir: I have a thirty-five-pound dog (Young Crib), open to fight any thirty-five-pound dog in the world for from \$300 up, give or take one or two pounds.

D. J. LUCY,
Manager Empire A. C.,
249 Asylum Street.

CHANCE FOR SOME GOOD MAN.

ITHACA, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1899.
SPORTING EDITOR—Dear Sir: I would like to meet some good light heavyweight before the Imperial Athletic Club of Ithaca, N. Y. A reasonable purse will be guaranteed by the above club for a bout between myself and "Jack" McDonough, of St. Paul, or "Tim" Hurley, of Susquehanna, Pa., or any other light heavyweight. First come, first served. I am respectfully,

PROF. BILLY MCCARTHY,
Boxing Instructor Imperial Athletic Club.

THINKS WELL OF HIMSELF.

JOPLIN, Mo., Sept. 3, '09.
DEAR SIR—I am coming East this fall and I want to meet some good 160-pounder in the ring. I have a good local record and I want to try myself against a few fellows like "Dan" Creedon and "Jack" Root. I think I have a chance with a few men like them. My manager is prepared to back me against any one of my weight, and he will come East with me. Trusting you will publish the above, I beg to remain, yours truly,

"KID" WILLIAMSON.

Send in your challenges for this column. Everything goes.

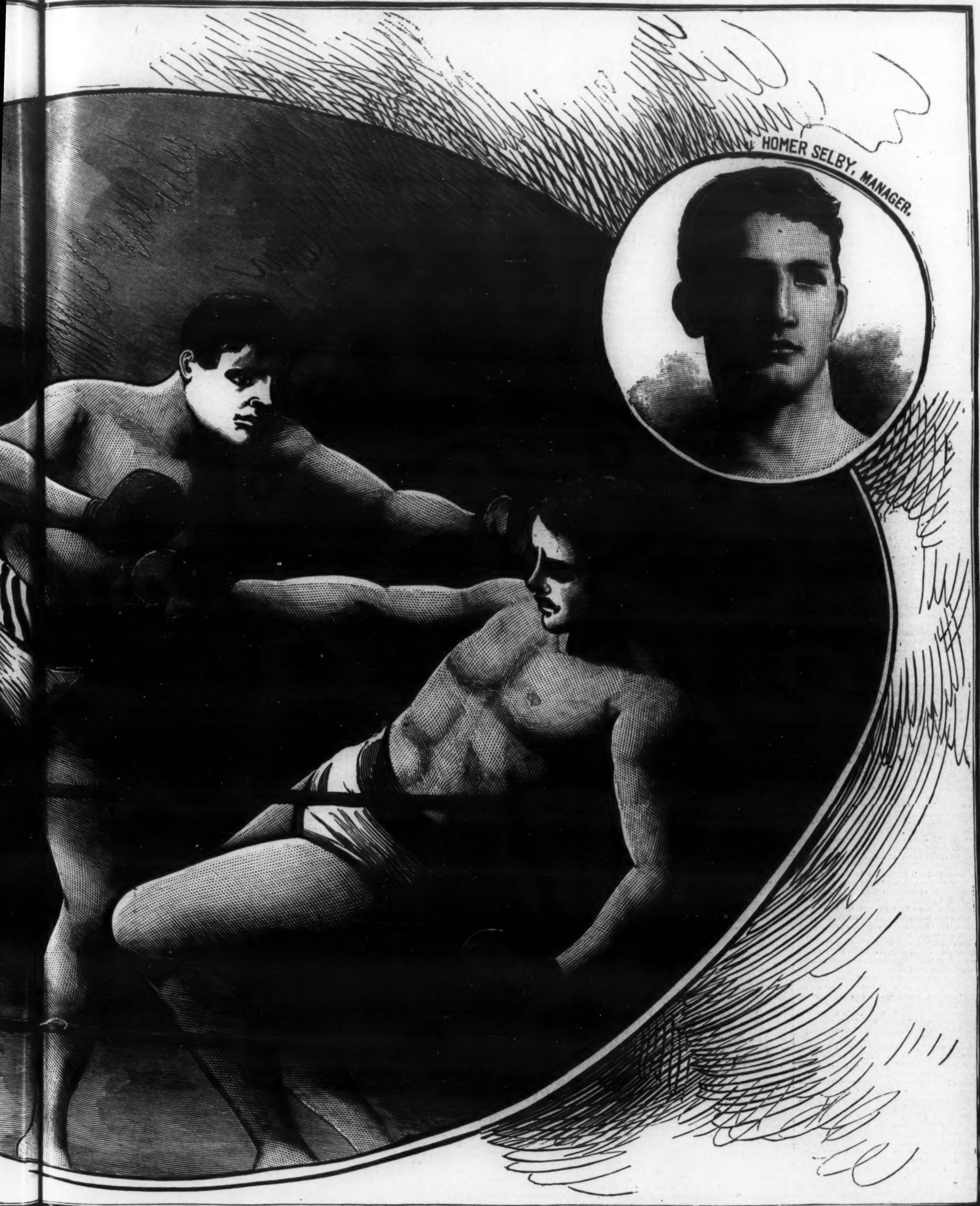
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BARTENDERS are Requested to Send in Personal Paragraphs for IMMEDIATE PUBLICATION



TERRY MCGOVERN AND PEDLAR PALMER FIG
REPRESENTATIVE 116-POUND PUGILISTIC PREMIERS OF AMERICA AND
THE GREAT HALFTONE SUPPLEMENTS GIVEN WITH THE



R FIGHTING FOR INTERNATIONAL SUPREMACY.
AND ENGLAND BATTLING FOR THE TITLE OF WORLD'S CHAMPION.
THE POLICE GAZETTE ARE THE BEST EVER PUBLISHED.

INQUIRY DEPARTMENT IS OPEN

ALWAYS RELIABLE AND AVAILABLE

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We Supply Information About Sports, Pugilism, Cards, Army and Navy Statistics, Also Answers on General Topics.

SEND TO US IF YOU WISH TO KNOW ANYTHING.

When You Are in Doubt Ask Us to Verify Your Opinion Before You Make a Wager---We Settle All Kinds of Bets.

K. E. T., Baltimore, Md.—Yes, send on your photo.
H. W. G., Narragansett Pier, R. I.—A. W. publishes a valuable road book.
P. V. R., Sayre, Pa.—Have Corbett and McCoy ever met in the prize ring?—No.
C. C., Newquehoning.—Judge's decision is final. We cannot decide it differently for you.
P. P., New York.—Previous experiences indicate that Jordan cannot break his contract.
—Des Moines, Ia.—Judging from the character of your request we opine that business is not brisk with you.
G. H., Toledo, O.—Have not seen the pictures you refer to, but the management of the fight says no pictures were taken.
J. B. L., Marlboro, Mass.—What is the world's record for a 100-yard dash?—Nine and three-fifths seconds; B. J. Wefers.
—Covington, Ky.—A bet that "Pedlar" Palmer got the decision over Dixon?—He did not. Decision was a draw.
J. P. C., Toledo, O.—Where and what date did the Sullivan and Kilrain fight take place?—July 8, 1890, at Elmhurst, Miss.
Spencer, New Orleans.—To get at this you must have the time of the start and finish of both boats, allowances, etc., etc. We haven't got it.
T. E., Fishkill Landing, N. Y.—1. We never answer questions by mail. 2. "Jack" McAllister was born in Cork, Ireland, March 24, 1866.
J. McC., New York.—Let me know the names of the men that knocked John L. Sullivan down?—Mitchell, Corbett and an unknown.
J. D. M., Washington, D. C.—Have you for sale Pierce Egan's "Boxiana"?—We have not and do not know where a copy may be obtained.
W. B., New York.—Which of the two that fought at the Broadway A. C. recently Black Griffe and Carroll was the heavier?—Catchweights. No weight taken.
E. H., Philadelphia, Pa.—Which is McGovern in the picture of McGovern and his retinue of trainers?—McGovern stands to the left of "Joe" Gans, who is seated in the picture.
C. B., Walden, N. Y.—How is the Shamrock and Columbia going to race, two out of three or three out of five?—The conditions of the cup race are always the same. Best three races.
C. S. O., South Bend, Ind.—The fight between Jackson and Corbett. A bet it was decided a draw; B bet it was decided as "no contest."—B wins. Referee decided "no contest."
W. J. T., —W. J. T., bet J. M. that Fitzsimmons knocked out Corbett and J. M. bet he was counted out. Who wins the bet?—Corbett was not unconscious and was counted out.
H. F. H., Cleveland, O.—There are only four recognized prize ring championship classes, featherweight, lightweight, middleweight and heavyweight; bantamweight, etc., are special classes.
J. K. D., Greenfield, Mass.—We could not decide your question to either our or your satisfaction unless we have a copy of the agreement. Send on the documents and we will decide the matter.
F. G. H., —Give me the definition of fathom, knot and league.—A fathom is 6 feet. 2. 6086 7 feet. 3. The marine league is equal to 3 marine or geographical miles of 6075 feet each.
W. L., Sing Sing, N. Y.—"Fred" Tarsi, E. H. Garrison, John Lambley, W. Simms, S. Duggett, F. Littlefield and Penn. Letters addressed to them, care of the POLICE GAZETTE, will reach them.
D. G., New Orleans, La.—1. "Jem" Mace appeared in the ring four times in this country. 2. With "Tom" Allen, "Joe" Coburn, again with "Joe" Coburn, and with "Ned" O'Baldwin, the "Irish Giant." 3. No.
A. B., Curtis Bay, Md.—Who was the first man that defeated Wm. Muldoon, the champion wrestler?—He was not defeated at any time. Retired in 1892, giving the championship to his pupil, Ernest Kosher.
G. B. W., Olean, N. Y.—1. Sullivan has been knocked down three times. 2. He was twenty-three years and nearly four months old when he fought Ryan at Mississippi City. John L. Sullivan was born Oct. 15, 1858.
E. H. K., Richmond, Minn.—Dowd did hold the record in his day, but there has been progression made in heavyweight lifting and other things. Dowd would not run one-two in heavyweight lifting with such men as Louis Cyr.
G. H. L., Amsterdam, N. Y.—Richard K. Fox has given away so many trophies for the branch of sport you mention it is a difficult matter to keep track of them. The mixed wrestling championship trophy was won by Duncan C. Ross.
D. C. B., Boston, Mass.—John Morrissey and John C. Heenan fought at Long Point, Canada, on Oct. 27, 1859, for \$5,000 and the championship of America. Heenan was knocked out in eleven rounds, lasting twenty-two minutes.
Ros Roy, —Bayer's Battles, R. K. Fox, Belle Gordon, Geo. Jansen, "Larry" Burns, "Jack" Richie, Otto Siefert, Frank McConnell, "Jack" Root, George Myers, Annie Oakley, Jos. B. Kalpe, "Will" Curley, McGovern-Palmer.
R. M., Newcastle, Col.—1. Lexington ran four miles against time at New Orleans, La., April 2, 1855. 2. Yes, Le Comte did beat Lexington, and the latter beat Le Comte on April 14, 1855, in a four-mile heat race at New Orleans, La.
J. B., Scranton, Pa.—The referee could not reverse his decision. His first decision stood no matter whether he was in error or not. It was the referee's place to ascertain the information he gleaned after he gave the decision before he decided.
A. H. H., Ellaboth, N. J.—Was Corbett given the decision over Sullivan on a clean knockout or was the fight won on its merits and awarded by the referee to Corbett?—Certainly it was decided on its merits and Sullivan was counted out.
J. C., Augusta, Ga.—1. "Farmer" Bennett and "Johnny" Gideon were "Tom" Bayer's principal backers. 2. "Jem" Mace beat "Sam" Hurst in thirty-nine minutes. 3. Hurst beat Paddock in nine minutes thirty seconds. 4. B wins.
G. W. H., Crawfordsville, Ind.—L. Bennett, better known as Deerfoot, the American deer, has covered the most number in one hour, 11 miles 990 yards. Send 10 cents to this office and we will mail you a book which contains the other records.
D. S., Pima, Ariz.—I am desirous of receiving first-class training in pugilism, and not knowing where to write for a professional trainer I take the liberty to ask it through your columns.—If you have ability any good trainer will take you on shares.
J. M. W., Milwaukee, Wis.—1. All boxers over 155 pounds are considered heavyweights. 2. Hall did not weigh before entering the ring. He probably weighed about 170 pounds. 3. Hall

and Fitzsimmons did not fight for the middleweight championship.
R. W. C., Halifax, N. B.—Wm. O'Connor and John Tremer roved three miles with a turn for \$2,000, the "Police Gazette" championship cup and the championship of America, at Washington, D. C., November 24, 1888. O'Connor led from the start and won easily.
P. E. R., Coalport, Pa.—E having been beaten by A, B, C and D, who scored 51 to E's 47, is out of the contest, leaving A, B, C and D to shoot off the tie for first and second prize. A wins first and B second. Shooting off the ties had nothing to do with the shooting in the first contest as far as second prize was concerned.
P. B., Chicago, Ill.—A bet that Bryan will be elected our next President. Would A lose this bet if Bryan fails to get the nomination and does not run independent?—A takes the possibility of



FRANK P. RINN, OF LANCASTER, PA.

Well-Known Professional Ball Player and Manager of Lancaster's Champion League Team.

Bryan into consideration when he makes the bet and unless he qualified his bet by saying "if nominated" he would lose.
W. H., Chicago.—What share has Friedman, of the New York club, in the Boston Baseball Club? Who has the biggest share? Why was Sullivan never champion of the world? How long is the longest boat on the lake?—1. None that we know of. 2. A. H. Soden. 3. Because he never won the title. 4. What lake?
M. N., Prescott, Wis.—2. John L. Sullivan and "Paddy" Ryan fought Feb. 7, 1882, at Mississippi City, Miss., under London prize ring rules, for \$2,500 a side and the championship of America. Sullivan won in nine rounds, lasting 11 minutes. 2. If the players insist that the cards must be shuffled again the dealer must shuffle them.
W. C., Liberty, Pa.—"Johnny" Lavaek and "Jim" Othello, the colored pugilist, fought on Oct. 4, 1893, on a boat anchored in the Ohio river, near Pittsburgh, Pa., for \$500 a side. Lavaek won in 9 rounds, knocking out his black rival. Lavaek weighed perhaps 119 pounds and Othello 125. "Police Gazette" rules and 8-ounce gloves were used.
J. B., New York.—A bet that Benjamin Franklin was the first man who invented electricity: B bets that Volta was the first man?—Benjamin Franklin was the discoverer of electric phenomena in nature's elements. Alessandro Volta, a celebrated Italian electrician, first devised apparatus for developing electric currents by chemical action which represented a distinct branch of electrical science.
G. W., Kansas City, Mo.—The last man who fought for the English champion belt which "Tom" Bayers won in 1857 by defeating the "Tipton Slasher," and had to give up in 1860, after his historic battle with John C. Heenan, was "Joe" Wormald. The latter defeated Andrew Marsden, of Nottingham, Eng., Jan. 4, 1865. He knocked Marsden out in eighteen rounds, fought in 37 minutes.
J. F. B., Paducah, Ky.—The proper way to go about arranging a match is to put up a deposit to show your earnestness. Issue a challenge containing rules, regulations and conditions by which you are willing to abide in case the challenge is accepted. The sporting public do not believe in challenges issued by divers persons when

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there is no money at the back of either the challenge or the party issuing the def.

C. F. V., Bucyrus O.—In a game of rob-the-deck double Pedro, four-handed, A and C and B and D are partners; A deals giving each 9 cards, leaving 16 in deck; after trump is made B calls for 6 and C also calls for 6. D for none having 8 trumps, and A having but 1 trump takes balance of deck, 4 cards, which makes him but 5 cards; D holding among his original 8 trumps the 2, 3 and 4 discards the deuce and tray; can A pick up either of those to fill his hand?—Yes, A picks any from the deadwood.

A. C. H., Newark, N. J.—A man making a sure bet has no chance to lose and his opponent has no chance to win, is he entitled to win the bet or not? According to phreatic rules, in a two-handed game, can a man call out if he is not in the lead? A played until all the cards were lifted from the board, not knowing he was out, so he kept on playing until he lost the lead; then seeing he could get no more tricks he called out; B said he could not call out when not in the lead. Does A win the game?—Yes, you back your opinion against his knowledge. 2. No.

B. M., Washington, D. C.—"Ben" Caunt stood 6 feet 3 3/4 inches high and weighed over 300 pounds trained. 2. The largest pugilist that ever stood in a prize ring was "Charley" Freeman, the American Giant. He stood 6 feet 10 3/4 inches in height and weighed 350 pounds. Freeman flourished in this country about fifty-two years ago, and when "Ben" Caunt, the champion of England, arrived in this country, in 1861, he sized up America's pugilist and decided to take him to England and match him against the "Tipton Slasher," whose correct name was "Bill" Perry. 3. Caunt, with the giant, left New York March 10, 1862, and arrived in England April 15, 1862. 3. Yes.

A. B., Seattle, Wash.—Who is the champion skater for 1 mile, and the time? Who is champion for 5 miles, and time? What are the best records for high and broad jump on skates? Do pugilists always have to weigh at ringside?—1. One mile, 3 minutes 41 3/4 seconds. O. Radd, Minneapolis, Minn., Feb. 14, 1896. 2. Five miles, 14 minutes 24 seconds. O. Radd, Minneapolis, Minn., Feb. 20, 1896. 3. Running high jump, 4 feet 1 inch, F. B. Gerner, Brooklyn, N. Y., March 8, 1899. 4. Running long jump, 21 feet 1 inch, F. McDaniels, Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 23, 1897. 5. Is it not customary to weigh in at the ringside unless so stipulated in the agreement. Palmer and McGovern signed to weigh in ten hours before fighting.

C. A. SAMPSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A splendid portrait is given on an accompanying page of C. A. Sampson, of Hudson, Wis., and his two canine pets, a greyhound and Scotch collie, the two finest specimens of their respective breeds in the State of Wisconsin. Mr. Sampson is the proprietor of

PALMER HURRIES

NOT AFFECTED BY HIS LOSS

BACK TO ENGLAND

Says His Defeat Was a Fluke and Will Fight "Terry" Again.

FIGHTERS DIVIDED PURSE.

McGovern Holds a Reception in the "Police Gazette" Office.

After his sensational defeat by "Terry" McGovern on Tuesday "Pedlar" Palmer evinced no disposition to prolong his visit to this country, and on the following morning the American line steamship New York carried him home to England. His departure was not characterized by the hurrah and enthusiasm which marked his arrival a few weeks ago. The "Pedlar" looked spruce and trim as he stood on the pier ready to say adieu, and he appeared to be in excellent spirits. He still thinks, or professes to think, that he is in McGovern's class. His arguments in his own behalf were not convincing. For instance, he said: "I have fought more battles than McGovern has and never lost one prior to this one. I did not do myself justice, and honestly believe I can beat him. He beat me on a fluke."

It is not generally accepted as an axiom among followers of pugilism that a man's class as a fighter depends on the number of battles he has fought. On the ability of the two men on Tuesday, Palmer might have been the hero of a thousand fights and McGovern have won but one, and still the Brooklyn cyclone would have been his master.

There was no fluke about McGovern's victory. He went right in to win, kept steadfastly to his task and landed such blows as he intended to land. McGovern possessed no powers of hypnosis—except such as lurked in the muscles of his trip-hammer arms—reverted to no oil-of-mustard tricks or pivot blows. He beat Palmer in a fair, straightforward manner, and the "fluke" explanation will not hold water.

As was to be expected, Palmer made the premature sounding of the gong an excuse for presuming to believe that he was not treated fairly. Regarding that incident, he said:

"I was about to punch him when the bell rang on me. Was the sounding of the bell a mistake? That's what I want to know." The only bearing the accidental sounding of the gong had on the fight was to delay Palmer's finish a few seconds. This flimsy argument hardly will add to his reputation as a good loser.

The English bantam said that his instructions and his intentions were to stay away from McGovern, but that the latter hit him on the back on the left side and he felt as if some one had struck him with a sandbag. He did not believe that any one could punch so hard. No one ever hurt him so much. It took all the steam out of him. He said he found McGovern not what every one said he was, an inexperienced man, but a wonderfully clever fighter. Therefore he decided that he would take the only chance he had and mix it up. He believes he has never seen a featherweight his opponent's equal.

It transpired after the fight that the purse of \$10,000 was not divided on the basis of 75 per cent. to the winner and 25 per cent. to the loser, but that they actually divided the purse money on equal terms.

No one would probably have been the wiser had it not been for a remark passed by Palmer after the battle was over, when the little Englishman is reported as having said to a friend who had just sympathized with him for his defeat:

"Well, I don't care; I got the money."

This remark led to an investigation, and one of the Palmer party who was in a position to know the precise details, when pressed for information on the subject said:

"You see, the boys had a guarantee of \$10,000 and of all the money taken in over \$20,000 the fighters were to receive 50 per cent., which they were to divide equally."

"Is it true that they were fighting for an even share of the \$10,000 purse, and not \$7,500 and \$2,500?" he was next asked.

"Yes, it is true both managers agreed to split the purse when the match was first arranged, and Mr. Bettinson and Palmer took away \$5,000 with them to England."

"Are you perfectly sure that they were fighting for an equal share of the purse?"

"Yes, the articles of agreement called for it, and both Bettinson and Harris were handed their \$5,000 immediately after the fight."

McGovern held a reception in the POLICE GAZETTE office the day after the fight, and hundreds of his admirers called to offer him their congratulations. He was characteristically modest throughout it all, and regarded the most important victory of his career without any undue jubilation. "Sam" Harris, the manager of the new champion, and his bread-winner are preparing to cull some of the fruits of the victory and its accompanying fame by going in for the show business for a while, and McGovern, as the star of the "troupe," ought to prove a lucrative card. It is McGovern's intention to take it easy until January, when he will again turn his attention to fighting, at which calling he may, from the standpoint of art, shine to better advantage than as a Thespian.

A fight between McGovern and Dixon is on the cards, and already there is much speculation on the outcome of such a mill among the sports, with McGovern considered the probable winner. Oscar Gardner could, in the opinion of many, give McGovern a harder battle than anybody else on account of his hitting power and his ability to take a punch. A fight between either McGovern and Dixon or McGovern and Gardner would prove a big attraction, and there probably will be some lively bidding for it when the time comes.

FRANK P. RINN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Frank P. Rinn was born in Baltimore. He was famous as a professional ball player then became an umpire in the Virginia and Pennsylvania State League. He managed the Lancaster team for three seasons. In 1896 the club won the championship of the Pennsylvania State League, in 1897 the championship of the Atlantic League and in 1898 got his team second in the race, Richmond winning out. Rinn is a fine judge of ball players and has developed many good men. He is very popular with players and widely known. He has had an offer to umpire and is not likely to remain in Lancaster next season. He may go to another city in the League to manage a team.

"TIM" COUHIG.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Tim" Couhig hails from Rochester, N. Y., and is a boxer of some repute in that locality. He is ambitious to make a name for himself in the pugilistic division, and is willing to fight all-comers at his weight.

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ONE ADMIRER says the MCGOVERN-PALMER SUPPLEMENT is WORTH its WEIGHT in GOLD

PALMER'S BOXING TALENT

WAS NO MATCH FOR

M'GOVERN'S FIGHTING QUALITY

Recent Battle Between the Representative 116-Pound Champions of Great Britain and America Analytically Considered.

LOSING BETTORS AVER THAT THE ENGLISHMAN LAID DOWN

"Kid" McCoy and "Bob" Fitzsimmons in a War of Words---Sure to Fight in the Near Future---Lively Times Among the Heavyweights.

"Terry" McGovern defeated "Pedlar" Palmer and once more exemplified the correctness of the theory that a scientific boxer is inferior to the natural fighter in battles where skill and science is opposed to rugged inborn fighting quality. How many times and oft during the past few months have we seen the theory exploited with convincing results, but in McGovern's victory over Palmer we cannot fail to be impressed with favor toward the man whose natural instinct it is to fight in preference to the fighters whose methods are studied with careful regard for the possibilities and probabilities of every movement that is made in the ring. Palmer was defeated quickly and decisively, and while I have every reason to be gratified over the manner in which the fight terminated I regret exceedingly that it did not last longer so as to afford an opportunity for an analytical study, based upon contrasts represented by two capable exponents of the old and new schools of fighting. While, of course, I expected McGovern to win, I confess to my surprise at the poor showing which the Englishman made. I recalled the latter's previous visit to America, and when he boxed Dixon marveled at the extraordinary cleverness which he displayed. He was the personification of an ideal boxer, quick, alert, shifty and marvelously accurate in delivering blows at every range, wonderfully active in getting beyond the reach of his opponent's delivery, never hesitating to do something which was exactly and precisely the right thing to do. Experts in scientific pugilism went rapturously wild over the little Englishman, and many famous critics unhesitatingly proclaimed him to be the most marvelously clever boxer the world had ever seen. His sobriquet, "Box of Tricks," fitted him like a glove, for he could use more fighting tricks to disconcert an opponent than any other boxer, big or little, that I had ever seen in the ring.

To what then must we attribute his quick defeat at McGovern's hands unless to the superficial quality of a boxer's skill when opposed to that ferocious fighting instinct which characterized champions of the Sayers, Dempsey and Sullivan type. In this case it was science and skill against beast-like ferocity and inborn fighting instinct, and from the instant hostilities began skill was subordinated to nature.

In Palmer's defense it must be stated that he failed totally to utilize the acquired talent which he is known to possess. His one and only hope in beating McGovern rested upon his superior knowledge of the boxer's art. Had he planned the fight as carefully, methodically and accurately as I supposed he would his marvelous cleverness would have kept McGovern at long range, and the constant peppering of quick jabs in his opponent's face, and his alertness in dodging in and out of range, might have disconcerted the latter and caused him to leave openings and opportunities for a quick lad like Palmer to take advantage of. But he did the exact contrary thing. His splendid knowledge of the fistic art might as well have been packed in camphor and left in England for all the good it was to him. He made the first mistake when he supposed himself to be strong enough to "bull it" it with the little Irish-American. The latter is as sturdy as the Rock of Gibraltar, with limbs and muscles abnormally developed. Add to this his insensibility to pain and punishment, and we have the characteristics of this little athlete in a nutshell. Against this rugged combination of nature's forces Palmer, whose best physical points have been artificially developed, essayed to engage in a trial of strength, completely ignoring his advantages in point of skill.

Of course McGovern was surprised at the tactics employed by his adversary. It was, however, precisely what he wanted, and when Palmer began to rush in and "mix it" up "Terry" congratulated himself that the probabilities of victory were more in his favor than he expected.

The most protracted battles McGovern has fought have been with men who were shrewd enough to keep away and fight clever, in an effort to outpoint him. Invariably, however, at some juncture they have been trapped into a mix-up at close quarters, and the result has always been the same—a knock-out.

Palmer adopted rough-and-tumble tactics, and of course McGovern had all the better of it, and he should have, for there is nothing that the youngster learned better during his preliminary course with the gamins of Red Hook Point than to make rough-and-tumble affairs very interesting—for the other fellow.

In trying to rush McGovern, Palmer was simply carried away by that young whirlwind, and was like a leaf tossed in a rushing autumn breeze. F. had a bad habit of ducking his head forward, and it was that very fault that aided McGovern materially in bringing about Palmer's quietus as quickly as he did, for the latter ducked fairly into McGovern's fist when he put the finishing touches to him.

If ever there was an instance of a fighter, flylike, walking into the parlor of the crafty spider, it was shown in the match between these youngsters. The very thing that Palmer should have been most careful

to avoid he did. He gave McGovern the opportunity that the South Brooklyn boy wanted above all things. He rushed his antagonist, gave blow for blow, stood up and interchanged body punch for punch, and then was as thoroughly knocked out as was ever a fighter in the ring. It took McGovern less than three minutes to do this.

While I am yet willing to concede Palmer's superior cleverness, he proved himself to be outclassed as a rough and ready fighter. He gave no proof of his ability to withstand punishment, and this brings us up to a consideration of his record. He never met a man before who was able to hit him effectively, and his



C. A. SAMPSON, OF HUDSON, WIS.

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gameness is therefore open to question. He has been so much more skillful than the men whom he had hitherto fought that he never was punished severely and invariably won his battles with scarcely a bruise to show, except in the instance when he fought "Dave" Sullivan, and then it was his hands that were injured. He got a taste of punishment when "Terry" drove him to the floor in the first minute of the fight with a right-hand blow over the heart. Palmer got to his feet that time looking quite fresh and strong and smiled at his opponent, but there wasn't the calm display of assurance in that smile that there was when the English boy first entered the ring. He seemed to have lost much of the confidence with which he began.

When Palmer went down, effectually knocked out from the force of a well-directed punch on the point of the jaw, he rolled over on his side. Then he partially turned on his back. By a supreme effort he managed to get on his side again and then tried to rise. Once, twice, a third time he attempted to get on his feet while the referee stood pitilessly over him, counting the seconds slowly. It was impossible, and he sank back with the look of complete despair on his face that is the lot of the vanquished.

In my opinion Palmer underestimated McGovern's ability. He had doubtless figured him out to be an easy victim, ignoring whatever interest he may have had in the kinetoscope reproduction of the fight, started out to finish his opponent as quickly as he could. Had he survived the opening round, with the incidental discovery that he was fighting a man of better quality than he had previously supposed, he would have exercised more caution and displayed some of that extraordinary fistic cleverness for which

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he is so well noted. As it was, his mistake cost him whatever possible chance he had of winning, for McGovern took up the job of finishing where Palmer left off, and performed it with celerity and dispatch.

An effort is being made by certain people to discredit McGovern's victory over Palmer by saying the latter "laid down." It is needless almost to intimate that the story originated with those who played Palmer to win, and was based solely upon the latter's remark that "although he lost he got the money." Palmer made such a quick getaway after the fight that nobody was able to find out what he did mean, although he doubtless referred to his having received a share of the purse equal to what McGovern got for winning, and besides it afterwards transpired that he sold out his interest in the kinetoscope pictures to A. F. Bettinson for \$2,500.

The idea that the Englishman "laid down" is ridiculous in the extreme, and not a single plausible reason can be advanced to furnish a motive for such a proceeding. He had a greater incentive to win than he possibly could have had to lose. Even had he been such an overwhelming favorite in England as he was said to be, there was not enough money bet over there on McGovern to make anybody who would bet a party to the scheme with Palmer win enough to make it an incentive. As a matter of fact there was no 2 to 1 bet in Palmer's favor in England, the very best obtainable price being 6 to 5, and if Palmer was so absolutely sure of being able to win, the money could have been wagered against McGovern's chances, and the "Pedlar's" prestige need not have been sacrificed.

Oh, but what's the use of advancing such arguments? Palmer was whipped, and most beautifully, too. He hasn't a legitimate excuse for saying it was a fluke. The fact is that he is not the fighter he was a few years ago, and McGovern outclassed him. Making excuses for him will not help matters along any. He came here fully confident that he would win. Manager Bettinson, only an hour before the fight, expressed himself as thoroughly sure that the result would be in Palmer's favor. Every member of the latter's training retinue shared in this opinion. It is only natural, I

This is cruel, apparently, but it's part of the game, and McCoy's next card is called for. They'll fight all right. Talk is an incidental detail of matchmaking nowadays.

What a lively time the big fellows are going to have this fall, and what a treat is in store for patrons of the game in the Metropolis. The music will begin next week, when Kennedy, the big Californian, and Peter Maher get together in the ring of the Lenox Club. Kennedy has not been seen in the East, but "Tom" Sharkey is quoted as saying that he is a good one, and as he was part and parcel of the latter's training affairs when he was on the coast, he ought to know pretty well what he is talking about. "Tom" says Kennedy is a coming man, but whether his saying so goes, can only be conjectured. The best line we have on Kennedy is through Ruhlman, a victory over the latter in twenty rounds of vicious fighting stamps him as being a pretty good sort of a fighting article.

"Fayther" will give us a pretty fair idea of his pugilistic worth, for though he is an in-and-outer in some respects, he still possesses the knack of hitting hard enough to warp the courage of any man he can land on, and the new man's gameness will be tested, no matter what the outcome may be.

After Kennedy and Maher get through, and "Kid" McCoy has squared his little account with "Jack" McCormick for being so rude as to knock him out when they met in Chicago a few weeks ago, we can begin to fret a little about the Sharkey-Jeffries fight. These two gladiators will meet on Oct. 23. After that we will get a glimpse of "Jim" Jeffries, another Californian who is expected to do some wonderful things on the strength of having boxed Jeffries four rounds and knocked out old Peter Jackson. Then I look for something to be doing between Corbett, Fitzsimmons and McCoy, and after that—well, that's a pretty good bunch of trouble, if it all goes through.

The promoters of the continuous picture scheme have reason to feel very much chagrined over the shortness of the Palmer-McGovern fight. Elaborate preparations had been made to reproduce the battle in every detail, and with perfected apparatus, and the sun and atmospheric conditions absolutely just right, there was every reason to believe that the enterprise would be a success. Quite \$10,000 had been invested in the scheme, and the partners were overjoyed in an anticipation of securing splendid results.

So far as the picture taking went it was successful. The machine was started when Palmer entered the ring and all the incidental details of preparing for the battle, the toss for corners, donning the gloves, introduction of the referee and principals were all accurately reproduced, but as the fight itself lasted less than three minutes it is a question if the series of pictures can be made valuable for exhibition purposes.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

"KID" PARKER IS A GOOD ONE.

Western Lightweight Knocked Out Frank Bartley in Three Rounds.

Frank Bartley of Binghamton, N. Y., was knocked out in three rounds by "Kid" Parker of Denver on Sept. 12, before the Colorado Athletic Club of Denver, Col.

The men fought at 140 pounds, but Parker conceded about seven pounds. Bartley had much the advantage in height and reach. The men mixed it up from the start, and after the first round paid little attention to science.

In the first round honors were even, Parker rushing Bartley, who evaded him cleverly, Parker once failing after missing a terrific right and left swing.

In the second round Parker set a fast pace, but Bartley was right with him, and in several warm exchanges had a shade the best of it. Parker came up the strongest in the third round and forced Bartley all over the ring, finally catching him with a stiff right swing on the jaw and knocking him out.

"JACK" O'BRIEN WHIPS GORMAN.

At Troy, N. Y., on Sept. 12 "Jack" O'Brien, of New York, was given the decision over "Jimmy" Gorman, of Troy, before 2,000 spectators at the Manhattan Athletic Club, the battle terminating in the middle of the twelfth round.

The match was for twenty rounds at 133 pounds. Both contestants put up a good fight, but O'Brien proved himself to be superior to the Trojan in foot work and hard hitting.

Honors were even until the tenth round, when O'Brien's rushes became terrific.

The New Yorker scored a knockdown in the eleventh and twelfth rounds, when it became certain that the Troy boxer was gone.

Referee "Yank" Sullivan stopped the bout during this round and gave O'Brien the decision.

"One-Eyed" Connelly's Argument.

A day or so before the fight, "One-Eyed" Connelly took it into his head to go up to McElroy's road house and see how "Terry" McGovern trained. He evidently was not wanted in the camp of the South Brooklyn boy, for "Sam" Harris, "Terry's" manager, who has the manners of a Chesterfield, told him he had better leave.

"What for?" demanded he of the one lamp.

"Because I don't want you here," said "Sam."

"Well, suppose I won't go?" demanded Connelly.

"Then I will have to be under the painful necessity of using force to eject you from the premises."

"What does that mean?" asked "One-Eye," looking anxious.

"That means, in plain English, that I will have to throw you out," said the urbane Harris, "and, incidentally, that I will knock your head off."

"Fight?" queried Connelly.

"Certainly, in a minute," said "Sam."

"Hold my eye for a minute," said Connelly to a bystander.

He couldn't find an eye-holder, so he became disgusted and left.

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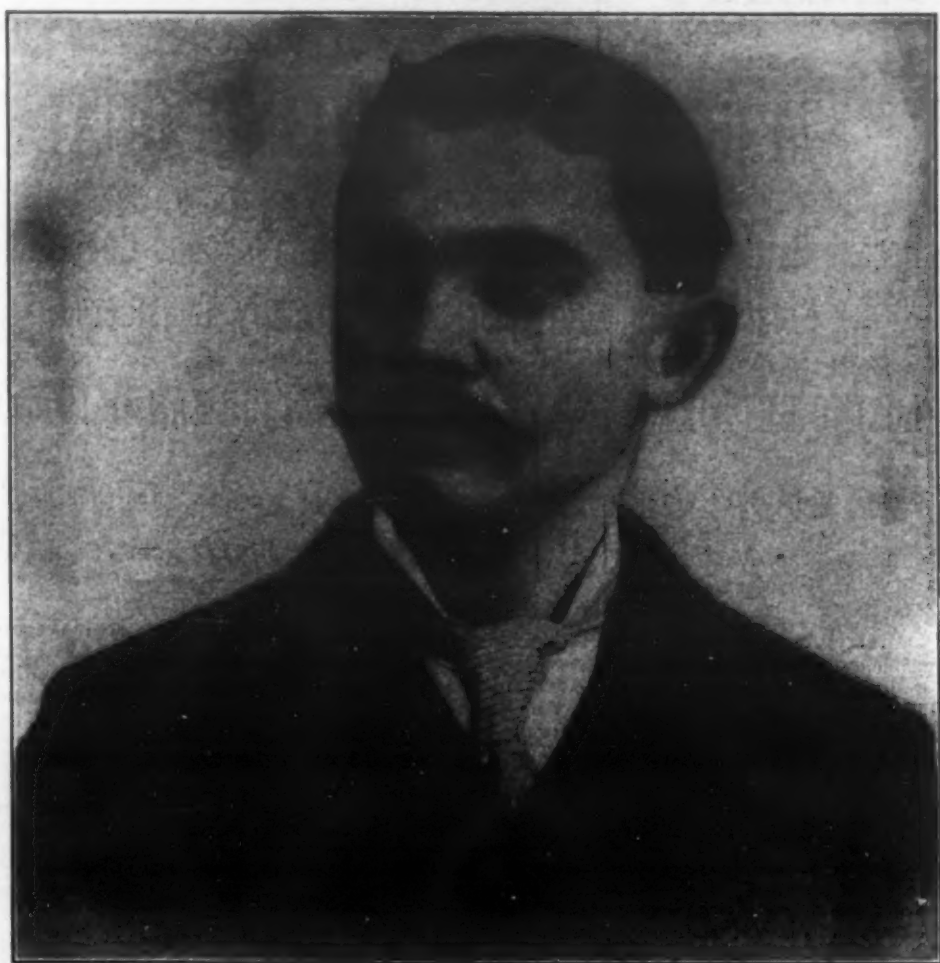
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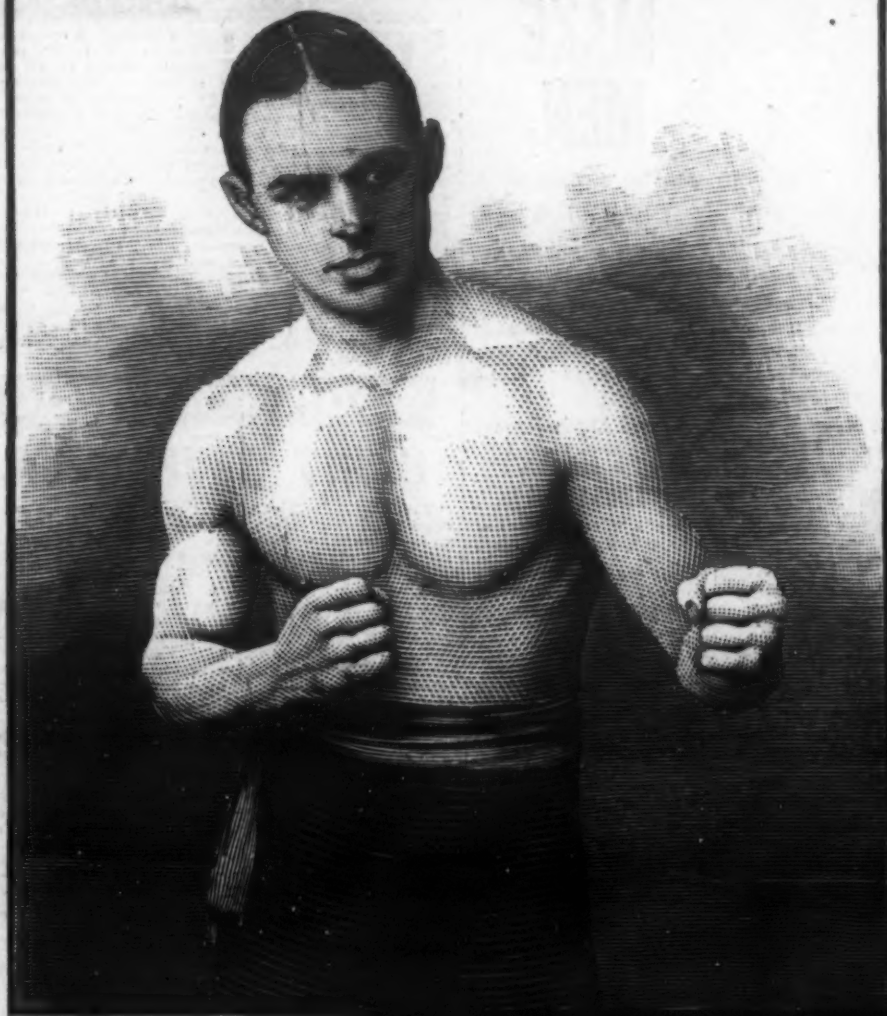
CLEVER DETECTIVE OF PITTSBURG, PA.,
WHO HAS SEEN WAR SERVICE.



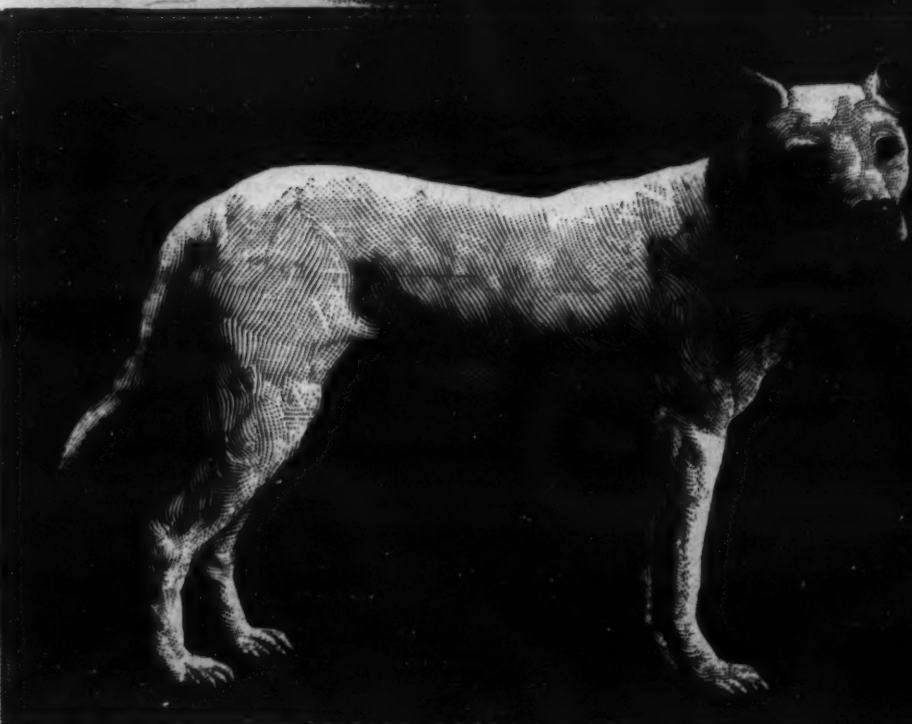
BURTON SLAUGHTER.

ENERGETIC AND ENTERPRISING YOUNG
BOOTBLACK OF EVANSVILLE, IND.

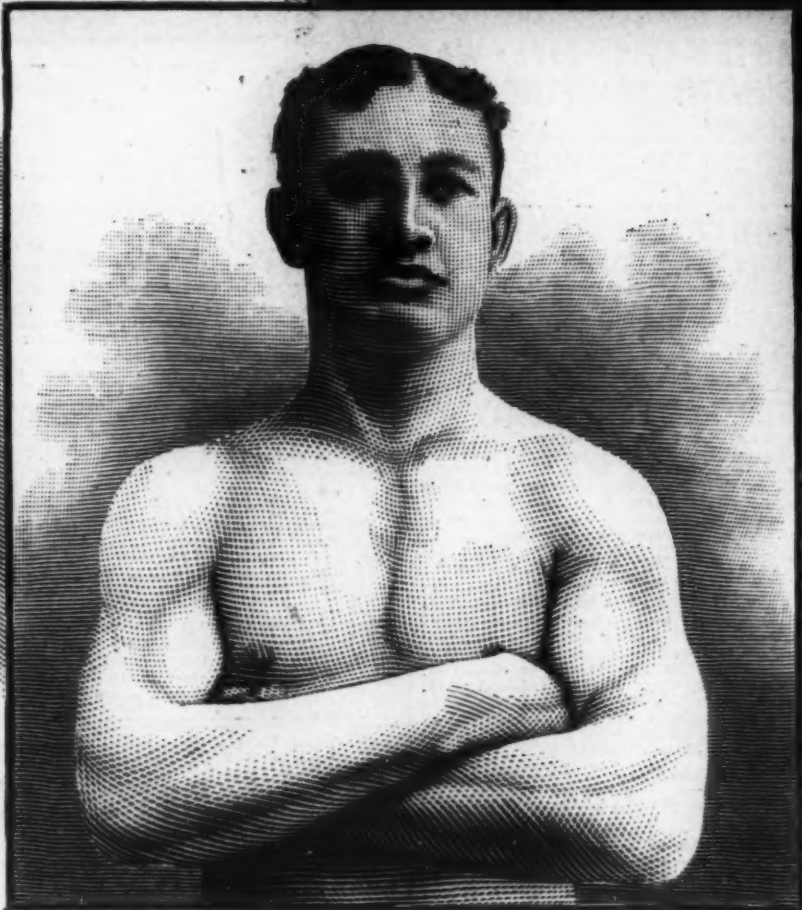
JIM McKEEVER.



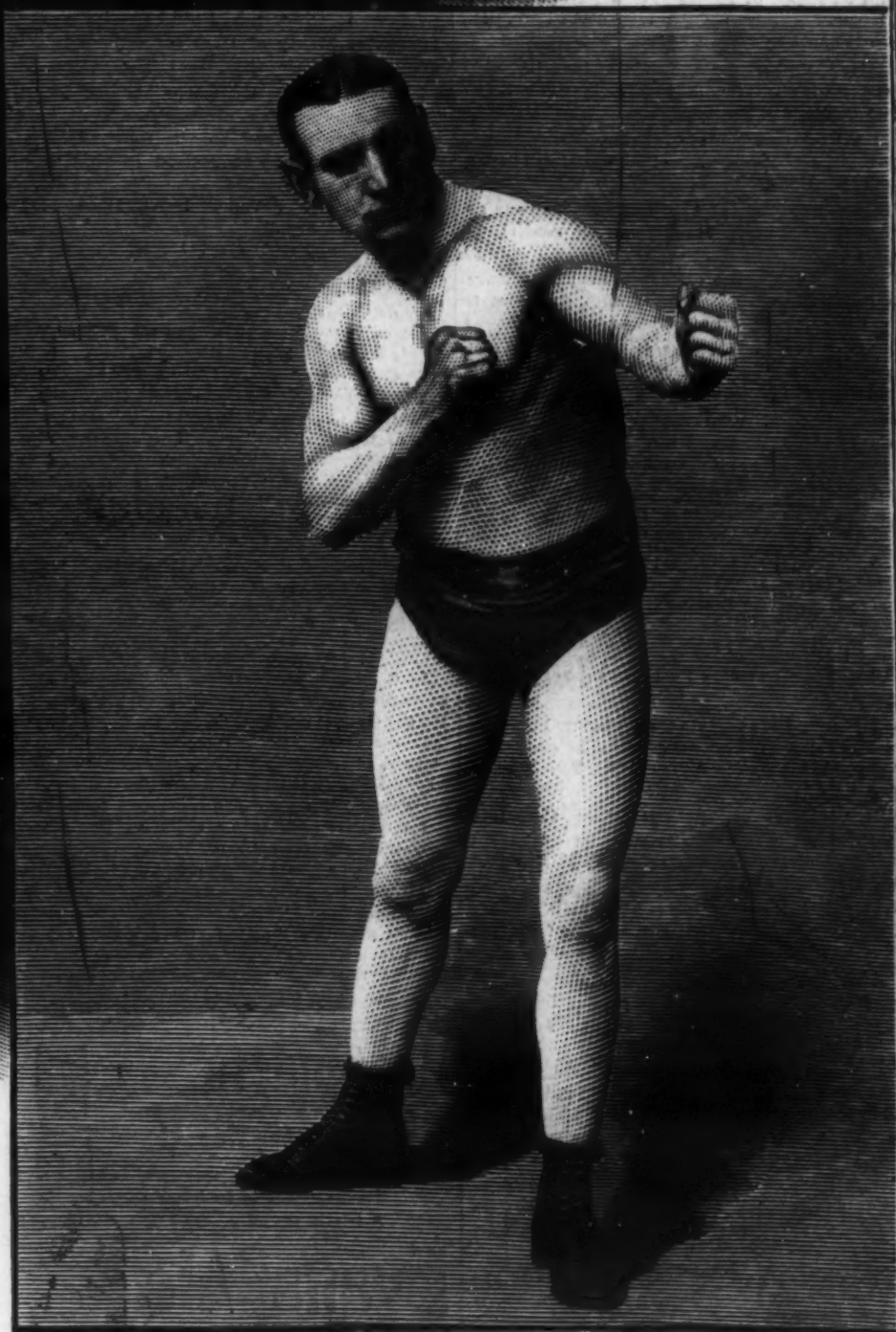
JACK KINNANE.



CLIPPER II.



TOM COUHIG.



CHAS. BURNS.

OUR GALLERY OF SPORTING CELEBRITIES.

FAMOUS BOXERS AND ATHLETES WHO HAVE ACQUIRED DESERVED DISTINCTION
IN VARIOUS BRANCHES OF SPORT.

POPULAR BARTENDERS

Herbert G. Boorse, Genial Mixer of
Hamilton, O.



Herbert G. Boorse, a well-known and popular drink mixer of the busy little town of Hamilton, O., is the inventor of the "Ham Fish Cocktail." He, like many other bartenders, would like to wear the POLICE GAZETTE medal.

BARTENDERS GOSSIP.

George B. McConnell.—Send your address and a brief biography to this office.

Col. George Detzel, of The Buffet, Paducah, Ky., is one of the few thoroughbreds in the State.

H. Ganty Boward is now proprietor of the Red Light Saloon, 34 East Franklin street, Hagerstown, Md.

Mr. Charles Knox has purchased the Bocklett saloon on Bellbrook avenue, Xenia, O., and will welcome all the boys.

John F. Kuhl, of Ferris Wheel Park, Chicago, Ill., is one of the most popular men about town. He leaves the medal.

Soldier Walker, Sacramento's favorite old-time heavyweight, is tending bar for Donovan Bros. at Sacramento, Cal.

Harry Pockman, one of Sacramento's best-known mixers, says he knows that medal will fit his breast to a certainty.

"Tommy" Burns, of the Pullman Saloon, at Sacramento, Cal., has recovered from his recent sickness and is again on duty.

William Kane, who officiates at the County Club, Plainfield, N. J., says the POLICE GAZETTE is the only sporting paper for him.

S. M. Kline is proprietor of the Central House and postmaster of Millstone, Md. He is an all-around sport and genial host.

James Brown, who manages "Al" Neill's place at 1446 Market street, San Francisco, is one of the most popular men on the coast.

P. A. Obert, who owns the Obert House at Catskill, N. Y., is one of the most genial hosts in the upper part of the State. He has many friends.

J. A. Rebert, who until two years ago was proprietor of the Hancock Hotel Company, is now running the European Hotel of Hancock, Md.

A. Eichelberger, proprietor of the Last Chance of Millstone, Md., has been in business for the last fifteen years and says he is not tired of his little town yet.

Williams and Mack, two well-known bartenders of Catskill, N. Y., are great in their latest hit, "When You Ain't Got No Money, Well, You Needn't Come Around."

J. H. Mandaville, proprietor of the best hotel in Hagerstown, Md., is noted for his famous mint jellies and milk punches. James F. Hickey is the head bartender.

W. E. Huffer, proprietor of Huffer's Cafe of Hagerstown, Md., had the pleasure of entertaining Little Elk, the "Police Gazette" overland traveler, during his stay in that town.

Wm. M. Hoover, proprietor of the Diamond Cafe of Hagerstown, Md., always keeps the POLICE GAZETTE on hand. John Taylor, an ex-policeman, is now tending bar for him.

James J. Sheridan, who used to tend bar at Hoffman's, Thirty-fifth street and Third avenue, New York city, is now at The Daphne, Leadville, Col., where he has made many friends.

Charles E. Mather and P. Byrnes Beveridge, clerks at the Hamilton Hotel, Hagerstown, Md., were pleased to meet the "Police Gazette" overland traveler, Little Elk. They gave him a cordial reception.

W. D. Willson and brother, wholesale and retail liquor dealers of Hagerstown, Md., also sole agents for the Bartholomew Rochester beer, are readers of the POLICE GAZETTE. They say it's a great paper.

"Dick" McCreddie, the good looking proprietor of The Palm at Sacramento, Cal., is one of the best dressed men in the city to say nothing of his manly form. "Dick" reports business as being first class.

John Kruss, head bartender at the Hotel Baldwin of Hagerstown, Md., originated the drink

called Rough Rider, first prescribed for a gentleman who became sick after a trip on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Otto L. Nick, of 598 Reid street, Milwaukee, Wis., sends a photograph of his fine saloon, which shows the POLICE GAZETTE supplements framed. Mr. Nick is a clever man with the gloves as well as an all-around athlete and good fellow.

Henry J. Schuster, bartender at the Union Hotel, Ballston Spa, N. Y., says that "Pedlar" Palmer and all the crack fighters in training at Donny's Saratoga Lake View Hotel, paid him a visit recently and wished him success in the medal contest.

Edward H. Trumbauer, Allentown, Pa.'s, most popular bartender, whose portrait appeared in the GAZETTE recently, is having an exceptionally good run on his original "Police Gazette" cocktail. It is a favorite drink for horsemen and sportsmen and they keep him on the jump continually. He still presides at George's Palace.

BARTENDERS, HERE YOU ARE!

The Very Latest and Best New Drinks Can Be Found in This Column.

CONGRESS PUNCH.

(By "Phil" Gross, Jr., Hotel Hovine, Cincinnati, O.)

One-half teaspoonful sugar; a little lemon juice; one-half jigger sherry; one-half jigger whiskey; one-third jigger Curacao; a little seltzer added; after strained into a split glass.

ANTI-TRUST FIZZ.

(By "Phil" Gross, Jr., Hotel Hovine, Cincinnati, O.)

Three-fourths of a lemon; one spoonful sugar; one whole egg; one jigger of cream; one-fourth of an orange; a few dashes of Curacao. Shake well; strain; fill with seltzer or club soda.

LADIES GREAT FAVORITE.

(By Aug. C. Becker, 1312 N. Dallas St., Baltimore, Md.)

Take a lemonade glass; one teaspoon of powdered sugar; enough water to dissolve; one jigger of port wine; one jigger of sherry wine; three dashes of Curacao; fill with shaved ice, stir well and trim with fruit and serve.

TONER.

(By Fogle Wood, Hampton, Va.)

Use large bar glass; four or five sprigs of fresh mint, well bruised; juice of one-half a small orange; one and one-half ounces rye whiskey; four squirts gum; fill up glass with fine ice; stir well and strain in sour glass. Decorate with slice of sour orange.

MORE CONTESTANTS.

There Are Plenty of Hustlers Who Would Like the Medal.

Contestants are requested to bear in mind that all recipes for new drinks sent to this office to be entered in the competition for the medal will be published in this column in their turn.

Henry Richards, Valley Hotel, Hazleton, Pa.—"Sensational Punch."

Victor J. Terrio, Crawford House, Boston, Mass.—"Honolulu Cooler."

Henry A. Pons, Sumter House, Baton Rouge, La.—"Kondell's Joy."

Frank P. Parisano, 297 Mott street, New York.—"Red, White and Blue Blaze."

W. C. Johnson, Chicago, Ill.—"A Morning Bracer."

Wood Snyder, Metropolitan Hotel, Eatontown, N. J.—"Parvenue Cocktail."

John A. Hoey, Washington Hotel, Parkville, Brooklyn.—"Kensington Punch." 2. "Ardmore Sour."

Pate Askew, 124 Bridge street, Jacksonville, Fla.—"White Satin Punch."

"Joe" Miller, with Salda Liquor Company, Salda, Col.—"La Pouf Cocktail."

"Jack" Frome, of Murray's Arcade, 161 Mulberry street, Newark, N. J.—"Exhilaration."

CONDITIONS WHICH GOVERN THE CONTEST.

The bartender who sends to the POLICE GAZETTE office between now and October 1 the best recipe for an original mixed drink will receive the magnificent POLICE GAZETTE trophy, valued at \$100. The competition will be judged by three well-known New York experts, whose names will be announced later.

Send in your recipes now, and a few will be printed every week, with your names and address attached. Get an advertisement for nothing. Proprietors of saloons are also invited to compete.

Send in your portraits for publication in the POLICE GAZETTE. They will be returned after they have been published.

In the meantime send in all the personal paragraphs about yourselves or your business you like.

ALE AND BEER.

Bartenders Should Know

How easy it is to handle
a bottle of

Evans' Ale

The only bottled ale that
pours out brilliant and
clear to the last drop.

Always Ready—
No Sediment.



WE MAKE MEN,

MARITAL STRENGTH,
VITALITY, MANHOOD,
in Two to Ten
Days.

Night losses, drains and emissions cease at once. Errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Lost Manhood, Varicocele and all Diseases and Weaknesses of Men or Women from whatever cause, permanently and privately cured.

Weak Men Enlarged and Developed
FREE! FREE! FREE!
FULL CONFIDENCE RESTORED AND SUSTAINED.

Our regular \$3.00 package **Paris Vital Sparks**, a full month's treatment, 100 doses, sent by mail, closely sealed. Write us to-day.
No C. O. D. fraud, no prescription that you cannot get filled, but a full month's treatment. If they do as we claim, you can pay after you are cured; and we leave it entirely to your honor. Our faith is so great and we know so well the wonderful virtues, we can do this. They surprise and please you. They are around the medical world. They act at once on the and no miracle of Bible times can compare with the wonderful results obtained. They cure urinary diseases. Stop night losses in from seven to ten days, so that they never return. Emissions, drains and losses in urine entirely cease after a few days' treatment. The skin becomes clean, the eyes bright and clear. Confidence returns, step elastic, bowels regular. They assist digestion, increase the appetite when it is poor; headaches, flushings and nervous symptoms fade away; the head becomes clear, the memory good, the mind bright and active. They make new, rich, red blood, which mantles the cheeks and lips and makes them rosy with health. Dark circles under the eyes disappear, and the weak man or woman is made a new being, and restored to perfect health and vigorous sexual power and glorious youth at once.

A food for Brain, Blood, Muscles, Bones and Nerves. Not a stimulating drug to help for a few days and leave you in worse condition in the end, but real, permanent good always results, no matter how chronic the case. Do not even send us a postage stamp. We think we have the only **TRUE CURE**. Just send us to-day your name and address plainly written. We will treat it with all confidence, and for your trouble the mint bright will send you a valuable War Relic. **FREE** Now do not hesitate a moment. Write at once. Address us Plainly.

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Best and Greatest Novelty of the Age, Electric Novelty. By Mail, \$1.00. Slot Machines can be operated for 1/2 cent cost by using New Standard Dry Cells. Will send 25 No. 2 Cells anywhere for Six Dollars cash with order. No charges for packing. F. O. B. N. Y. Write for catalogue. Wm. Roche, Inventor, 42 Vesey st., New York City.

IT WILL PAY YOUR RENT.

OUR AUTO Musical Slot Picture Machines make large incomes for saloons, Hotels, pavilions, drug stores, parks, gardens, etc., send 2 stamps for 32-page illust. catalog. **American Auto-Machine Co., 131 Liberty St., New York City.**

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EIGHT-SLOT MACHINE. Send for catalogue. **L. E. COWPER, 168 Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.**

WE manufacture Floor and Counter Money Machines, Card, Picture Dice and Trade Machines. If you want the latest send for catalogue. **M. O. Griewald & Co., Rock Island, Ill.**

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SIX WAY AUTOMATIC SLOT MACHINE
LATEST AND BEST. A Money Machine of the NEW ACTION POWER MACHINE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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The magical Oriental Salve is the wonder of the century. Wretched men afflicted with weak, undeveloped parts, should send at once for this famous remedy. Enlarges, Strengthens and Sustains. Restores Natural Size, Full Vigor and Feeling to Small, Shrunken or Weak Sexual Organs. If used freely it gives the development and power of a giant. **GUARANTEED TO ENLARGE AND STRENGTHEN IN THE MOST HOPELESS CASE.** All correspondence strictly confidential. Sent postpaid in plain sealed wrapper upon receipt of \$1. Don't suffer when you can become a man at such a small cost. **Oriental Importing Co., Box 2543, Boston, Mass.**

CURES QUICKER Than any other remedy. Tarrant's Extract of Cubeba and Capsaicin is a safe, certain and quick cure for gonorrhea and gleet and is an old-tried remedy for all diseases of the urinary organs. Combining in a highly concentrated form the medicinal virtues of cubeba and capsaicin, its portable shape, freedom from taste and speedy action (curing in less time than any other preparation) make it the most valuable known remedy. To prevent fraud, see that every package has a red strip across the face of label, with the signature of Tarrant & Co., N. Y., upon it. Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

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Original and Only Genuine. Safe, always reliable. LADIES ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. **Buyers Beware!** Beware of cheap substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail, 10c. 000 testimonials. Write to Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Philadelphia, PA. Sold by all Local Druggists.

BIG G is a non-poisonous remedy for Gonorrhea, Gleet, Spermatorrhea, Whites, unnatural discharges, or any inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membranes. Non-astringent. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

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BY CITROSANDALENE CAPSULES. The best remedy ever offered to men in trouble. Positive cure guaranteed in 3 days, by mail \$1. THE CITROSANDALENE CO., 14 Park Place, N. Y.

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RED PAINT FOR THIS MASHER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

It doesn't always do to flirt with young women on the street, as an egotistical young man of Des Moines, Ia., has just found. Two girls who resented his addresses made him a sorry spectacle the other day. While one held him the other illuminated his countenance with a brush dipped in a pot of red paint, which a sign painter had been using. Before they finished with him he looked like the setting sun.

Who mixes your cocktail in the morning? Send a complimentary paragraph about him for publication in the bartenders column of the POLICE GAZETTE.

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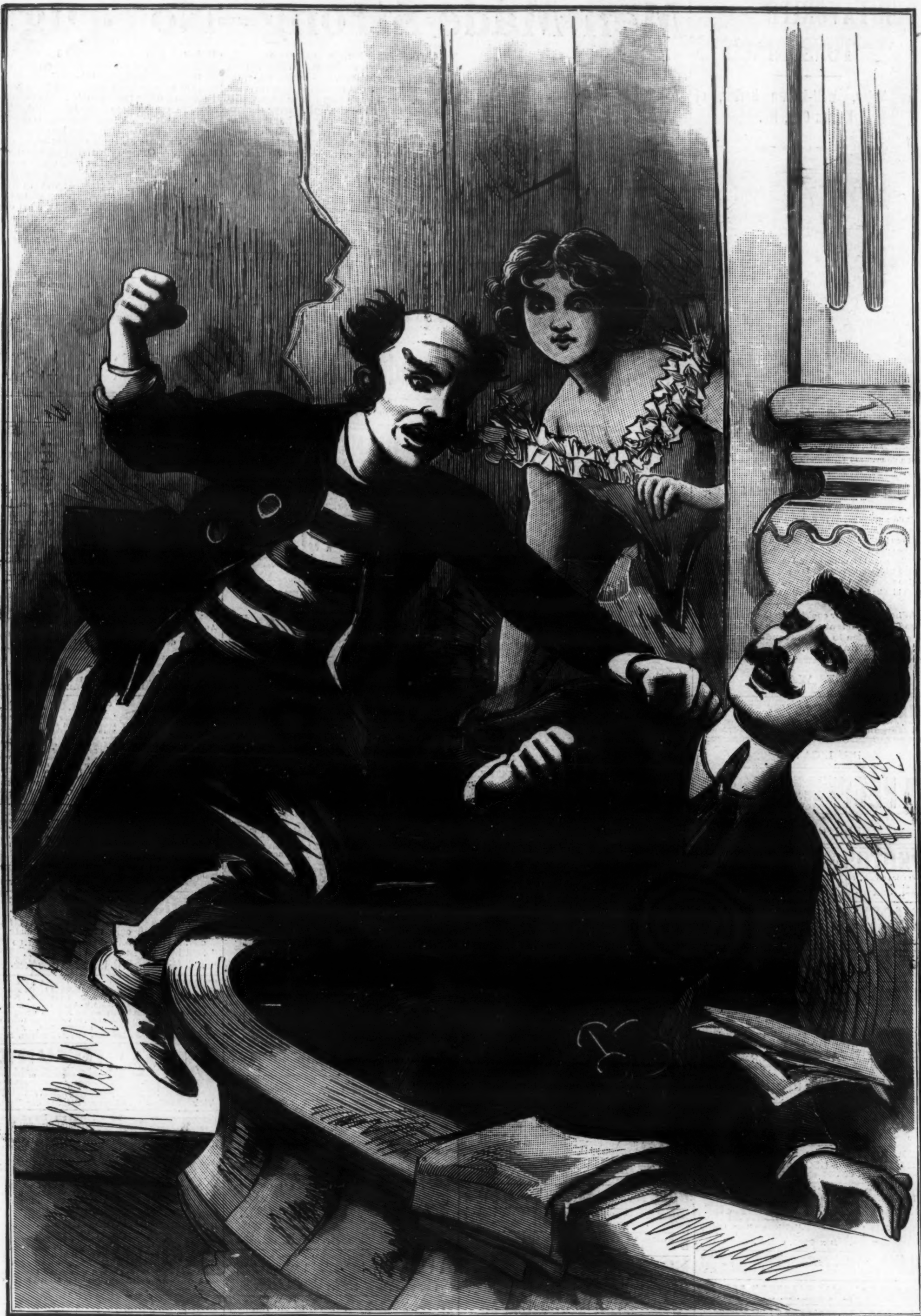
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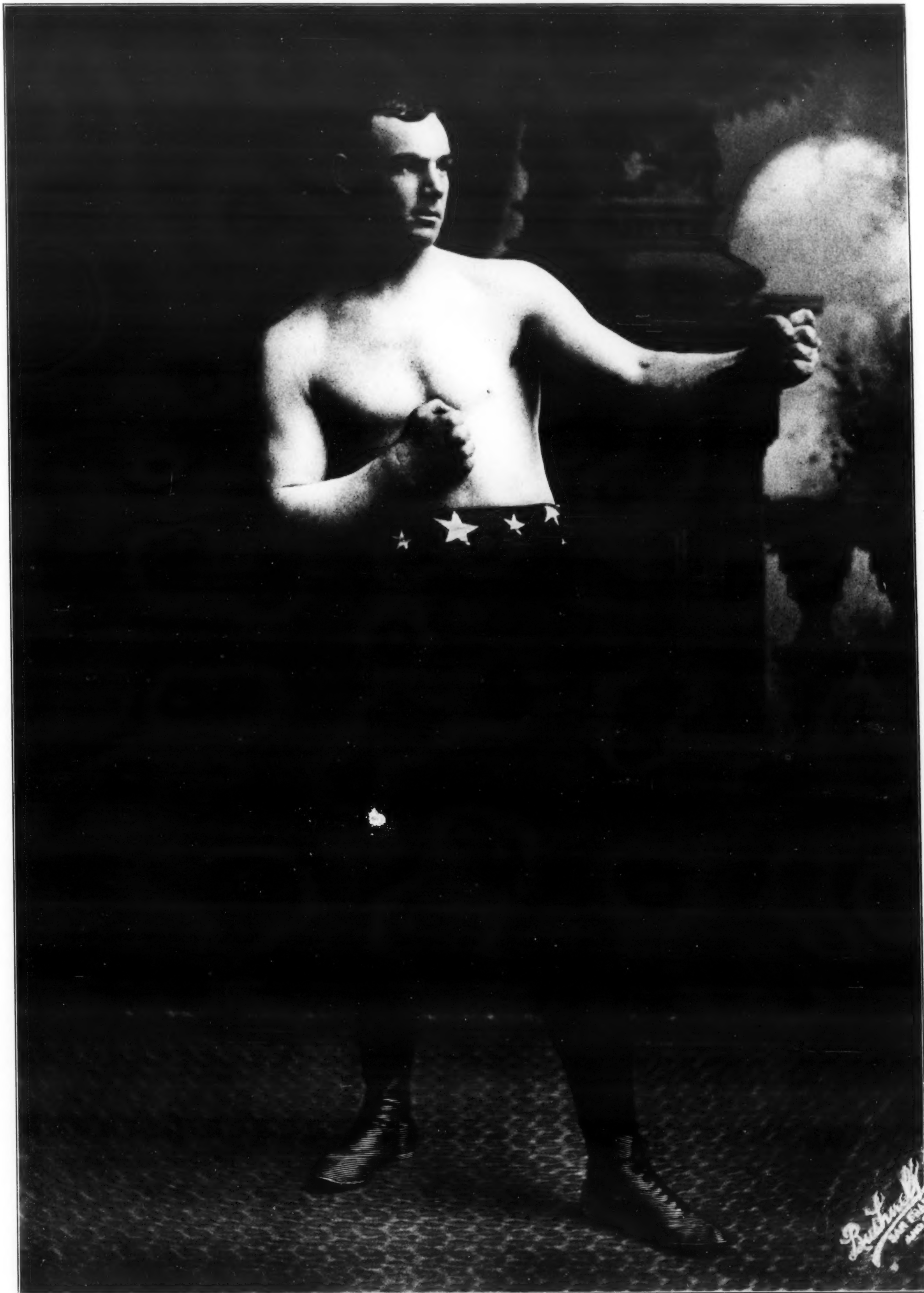
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